

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 67.

## The Laws of Divorce.

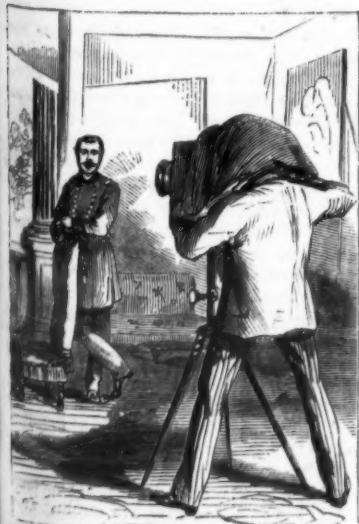
EXCESSIVE enlightenment may occasionally learn a lesson from comparatively primitive civilization. There is no system, perhaps, which has given rise to more abuses and produced greater complications and difficulties of all sorts than that of Matrimonial Divorce in this country. The laws regulating, or professing to regulate, this system, are different in almost every State; in some almost despotically stringent, in others almost criminally loose and



THE MOTHER OF A SHENANDOAH HERO INSISTS ON SHAKING HANDS WITH GEN. SHERIDAN.

demoralizing. Our courts are, consequently, filled with shameful cases of connubial quarrels and wretchedness, and the columns of a portion of the press given up to prurient details of vice and immorality unfit for the perusal of a decent person of either sex.

In some of the more primitive and patriarchal communities of Europe this delicate question is managed in a far more simple, reticent and equitable manner; and while the different composition of our society would necessitate essential modifications in the code, yet the



GEN. SHERIDAN VISITS DALY, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, BROADWAY AND 10TH ST., AND HIS PICTURE IS TAKEN.

example set by these people might be profitably used as a basis of construction for a new and improved system of divorce in this country. Such, for instance, the method employed for separating the separation of couples in Hungary. If a man and wife are unhappy, and desire to be divorced, they address a joint petition to the court, or one alone, perhaps, on time petition. The court appoints two or more mediators, generally from the kinsfolk,



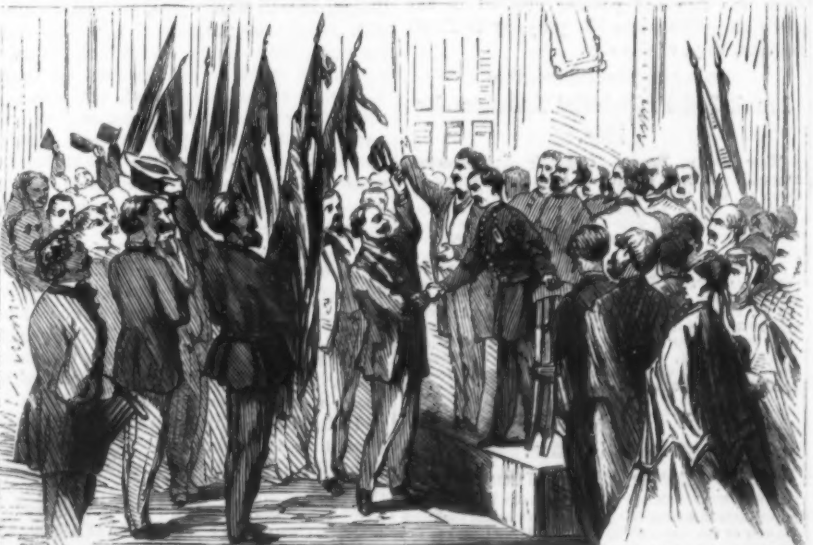
RECEPTION OF LADIES BY MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN, AT THE ROOMS OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, UNION SQUARE, N. Y., ON THURSDAY, OCT. 3.

to hear the complaints, to give advice, and try to reconcile them. Reconciliation is often thus effected. But if failure be reported, the severe, they probably separate, and obtain the divorce at the end of the period. The delay infallibly prevents any from seeking divorce in



MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN YIELDS TO THE DEMANDS OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE ADMITTED TO THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM OF THE CITY HALL, BROOKLYN, WHERE HE SHAKES THEM BY THE HAND.

court replies that they must repeat the application for divorce after three years, and then it shall be granted. If the quarrel is very order to take a more acceptable partner; for no one can hope that another will wait three years for such a reversion. It may even seem



MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN'S RECEPTION AT THE CITY HALL, BROOKLYN, ON THURSDAY, OCT. 1.—THE VETERANS OF THE BROOKLYN REGIMENTS BRINGING IN THEIR TATTERED BATTLE-FLAGS.

that two years would suffice. When the aversion is so decided on both sides that no one expects reconciliation, we suppose that no social impropriety is felt in beginning a new courtship before the three years are spent. But Hungarians say that in the great majority of cases the young people are reconciled by their friends long before the time is complete, and do not come before the court again.

Might not such a plan be modified so as to suit the moral and legal atmosphere of this



AN OLD COMRADE EMBRACES AND KISSES GEN. SHERIDAN.

country? It would certainly prevent the flagrant public scandal of our present system, and do away with the disgraceful Divorce Courts of Indiana.

## The Executive and Congress.

EVERY American must feel humiliated at the bare suggestion of a forcible resistance by the Executive to the will of the people, as expressed through its representatives. We have had the pages of our history blackened by the assassina-



THE VETERANS WISH TO COME UPON THE BALCONY OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB TO SHAKE HANDS WITH GEN. SHERIDAN.

ination of one President; we certainly do not wish to have them further disgraced by the summary execution of his successor which would just as certainly be the result of his armed interposition against Congress as that there is a sun in the heavens.

But we anticipate nothing of the sort; and we regret that sensational writers should lend themselves to the propagation of idle rumors and surmises on a subject so grave, and on



which the national susceptibilities are so acute. With much misgiving, but under a hopeful and magnanimous impulse, we have allowed conspirators and traitors to escape a deserved doom, but the people are sensitive lest their generosity shall prove an encouragement to other bold and bad men, and their forbearance a blunder and a crime. Woe to the man and the men who shall force them to regret their magnanimity.

The struggle between Congress and the Executive, and we do not now intend to speak of its merits, has its limits, prescribed by our Constitution and the theory and genius of our institutions. The President may oppose himself to the action of Congress and veto its measures, for reasons of his own. This is a power which very few of our great Presidents have used, and it would be dangerous, unless the Constitution had wisely limited its scope, which it has done by providing that two-thirds of both branches of Congress may carry any measure over the negative of the veto. And when a law is thus carried, the duty of the President is to obey it as a citizen, and execute it, faithfully and in all its intents and purposes, as an officer. As Mr. Boutwell has forcibly but correctly observed in a recent publication, "When a bill is passed over a Presidential veto by a constitutional majority, the Executive power is annihilated on that subject, and the President has no constitutional right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law." And what he cannot do directly, he cannot lawfully do indirectly.

One of the conspicuous provisions of the Constitution of the United States is that the President "shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

He is a judge of their propriety and constitutionality up to the point where Congress, by a two-thirds vote, asserts them over his head.

After that he has rightly no objection to make, no word to say.

The Supreme Court of the United States is the next and only authority to be consulted.

## A GREAT QUESTION SOLVED!

### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

#### Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner,

##### THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

EVERY now and then the question of International Copyright comes up. Some English author, whose works have found their million readers here, complains that these millions have never in any way remunerated him for the pleasure they have enjoyed. A feeble effort has recently been made, for very shame's sake, to remedy this, and many publishers buy what are called "Advance Sheets." That is, when they see that a serial novel "takes" with the public, they send out and buy proof-sheets of the novel, not to do justice to the author, but to distance American competitors.

The way of justice is simple. It is for American publishers to enter the field and compete with English publishers for the manuscript in the author's hands; buy it fairly, and control the sale in both countries.

Mr. FRANK LESLIE, during his recent visit to Europe, resolved to inaugurate this new era. It had long been a favorite project with him, for he felt that the American public would sustain the man bold enough to be thoroughly honest in this matter.

He accordingly made arrangements with several of the most eminent living Novelists for a regular series of works from their pens, and also with foreign artists of eminence to illustrate them under the personal direction of their authors.

The first of this series of Original Narratives and Novels, and the first ever bought direct from the foreign author himself, will appear (as already announced) in Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, No. 127, with illustrations made expressly for it by artists who have visited the scenes described. It is entitled—

#### Adventures Among the Brigands

By PIERCE EGAN.

The following correspondence will explain the nature of the transaction between Mr. LESLIE and Mr. EGAN:

MR. LESLIE TO MR. EGAN.

DEAR SIR—I am desirous to open negotiations with you, in reference to original contributions from your pen for one of the publications issued by me in the United States. If your engagements will admit of your devoting a portion of your time to writing a series of tales to appear in my CHIMNEY CORNER, I shall have much pleasure in making arrangements for their immediate production.

MR. EGAN TO MR. LESLIE.

Your communication has afforded me sincere gratification. In the present unsatisfactory condition of literary property, as between the United States and England, you have undoubtedly taken a bold step in an honorable

direction, which cannot fail to be hailed with unqualified satisfaction by every literary man of reputation in this country; and I feel specially honored that you should have selected me as one whom you are prepared to introduce direct to the great American nation, instead of through the second-hand medium of "advance sheets."

It is a result to which I have long anxiously aspired, and I feel a natural pride on finding it within my grasp. I need hardly add that I will very readily enter into negotiations with you, and I venture to express my belief that we shall experience no difficulties in coming to terms.

Mr. Leslie, upon the receipt of the above note, communicated again with Mr. Egan. It is unnecessary to publish his note, as its substance can be gathered from the following reply which it elicited:

MR. EGAN TO MR. LESLIE.

The very handsome terms which you have proffered me summarily supersede the necessity for further negotiation on this point. I unhesitatingly accept them, and beg to be permitted to congratulate you upon the possession of truly liberal principles, as well as a very admirable spirit of enterprise. The honorable step you have taken will surely be followed in this country; and there seems to be now a fair promise that the literary men of both hemispheres will eventually find remunerative markets for their productions where they have been hitherto, except in fame, profitless to them. They will not fail to remember with gratitude the pioneer who opened for them a path into the new literary Aradisa.

After this communication, an interview was arranged between Mr. Leslie and Mr. Egan, at which all business matters were satisfactorily concluded. The subject upon which Mr. Egan was to employ his pen for the Chimney Corner, was next discussed. Mr. Leslie had been informed that during a trip to Italy some years ago, Mr. Egan, like many other adventurous explorers of mountain scenery in that poetic land, had fallen into the hands of brigands, by whom he was for some time detained, and from whom he ultimately escaped. Upon mentioning this circumstance, Mr. Egan said that he had taken advantage of his position, during his detention, to gather from some of the more intelligent men—especially one who had been a resident in England, and by whose assistance he effected his escape—recitals of their wild adventures, respecting which, although they mostly involved tales of murder, they were by no means reticent. He subsequently collected many strange and terrible stories from the inhabitants of various villages, but mostly from an improvisatore, who used to gather the villagers around him while he narrated to them the adventures of men well-known throughout Calabria, although unknown beyond its borders. This remarkable man had a strong poetical vein, and if he garnished his narratives with much hyperbole, he invested his heroes with a wonderful amount of romantic sentiment. He related most exciting and thrilling stories of the deeds of numbers of those desperate outlaws, who have, throughout the past century, down to this very day, rendered the journey from Naples to Rome extremely hazardous and perilous, of all of which Mr. Egan made notes. Mr. Egan has never made any literary use of these interesting memoranda, and Mr. Leslie suggested that he should put them into a finished literary form, so that they might be presented to the American public before they were submitted to the eyes of other readers. To this proposition Mr. Egan very readily assented, and we have the satisfaction to announce that Mr. Egan's work, "Adventures Among the Brigands," which promises to be of unsurpassable interest, will commence in No. 127 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner. With the same number of the CHIMNEY CORNER will be presented to the public a MAGNIFICENT ORIGINAL ENGRAVING,

### "Stop Thief!"

OR,

### "THE MONKEY'S GRIP!"

from the fine and popular original in the Paris Exposition, now the property of Paron Stevens, Esq., of this city.

#### Frank Leslie's Pictorial Almanacs for 1868.

Now ready, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1868, an elegant Annual, containing the Calendar and Astronomical Data for the Year, with Statistics, Useful Tables, and a variety of interesting matter, embellished with sixty fine illustrations on Wood, and a beautiful Chromo-Lithograph; Price 50 cents.

Also Ready, Second Edition of FRANK LESLIE'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1868, with Eighty Illustrations; Price 15 cents.

Also, FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1868, a Manual for the Ladies, containing a complete and accurate Calendar, Sixty elegant illustrations, a beautiful Plate, printed in colors, with a variety of Useful and Entertaining Matter of the greatest interest to Ladies; Price 50 cents.

#### Special Notice.

A SPECIAL ARTIST OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has started with the United States Expedition to survey the Kansas lands in the southern portion of the State, which were ceded by treaty to the Government by the Indians in 1855. We shall, therefore, be prepared to give accurate and reliable information concerning this new section of country, comprising over 2,000,000 acres, which will soon be opened for settlement.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1867.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

#### Our Principles.

"I WOULD reduce the rate of taxation to the lowest point that would defray the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and pay the interest and maturing obligations, and leave the principal of the bonded debt to be discharged in other and better times."—Senator Morton.

"In the passage by Congress of a bill by two-thirds majority over a Presidential veto, the Executive power is constitutionally annihilated on that subject, and the President has no longer a right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law."—Gov. Boutwell.

"Under no circumstance shall the credit of the Nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, nor shall the name of the Republic ever be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."—Republican Convention of New-York.

#### The Paris Exposition.

WITH our next number we shall commence a series of Descriptive and Illustrative Articles on the Universal Exposition of 1867. The articles on the Application of the Fine to the Useful Arts will be fully and freely illustrated. To combine Taste and Utility in a just union, is the next important step to be taken in American Art.

#### Special Notice.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, whose "Mrs. Brown's Papers" have been so successful in the London journals and in book form, and whose Parlor Entertainments have been crowded for over a thousand consecutive nights in London, has come to this country, and proposes to give a series of his Entertainments through the United States. His communication in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, giving Mrs. Brown's impressions of her trip to America, will read with delight, and give an earnest of the pleasure to be derived from attending his Parlor Entertainments.

#### National Banks.

THE vehemence with which those institutions have been attacked in sundry journals, and most notably, the *Herald*, appears to be without justification. In forgetfulness of their origin, and without reflection on what the withdrawal of their circulation involves, they are the subject of daily assaults, such as could be fairly directed only against those who carelessly squander the public money, or willfully defraud the Treasury. Let us look first at the origin of these banks, and see if we can find in their history any evidence of the wrong-doing so flippantly and persistently laid to their charge.

Everybody knows that previous to the war each State controlled its own system of banking, and that in this State the note circulation was based on the deposit with the Comptroller of the State of United States and State bonds to the amount of the notes issued. Each State had its own distinct system of securing the circulation of its banks, and according to the security these afforded to the holders so the value of the notes, when offered for payment in other States, varied. No one ever denied that these variations of value in the bank issues of the separate States were a practical nuisance, the acceptance or rejection of a bank-bill requiring constant reference to a "Reporter" to find out what discount should be charged, such discount being regulated by the distance of the State where it was issued, and partly, as we have said, by the kind of security pledged for its payment. When, therefore, the Federal Government, early in 1864, proposed to establish a uniform bank currency for all the States, to be secured by the deposit of United States securities with the Comptroller in Washington, the public hailed with delight the prospect of a release from the multifarious issues that formed the daily medium of exchange between man and man. A further recommendation of the proposed plan—though its consideration is not material to our present purpose—was, that it opened a new market for the sale of Government securities, because every bank of issue would be obliged to buy them, in order to deposit them as securities for its notes. The question of the constitutional right of every State to regulate its own banking system was not discussed, or at best only in a feeble way, because it was felt to be the duty of every loyal man to aid the Government in obtaining funds to carry on the war. The banks, too, themselves, in this State raised no objections, partly because their loyalty was unimpeachable, and also because it was more profitable for them to receive six per cent. in gold on the securities they deposited with the United States than seven per cent. in paper on the State securities they had heretofore deposited with the Comptroller of the State at Albany. It must be remembered that the Federal Government did not dispute the right of the States to regulate their own internal currency. It did not even forbid the banks issuing their old

circulation. It merely laid a heavy tax (one per cent. if we remember rightly), on all circulation under State laws, and this tax was quite sufficient to drive the banks from their old to the new allegiance. In all this there was no compact between the Government and the banks. The former merely said in effect: "We must have money; the people desire a new and uniform currency; if you will buy from three to four hundred millions of our bonds, we will give you leave to issue a proportionate amount of your notes, on which you will make as great or greater profit than you have hitherto done. We do not pretend to a right to say you shall have no circulation, but if you do not circulate what we offer you, we will tax you out of existence except as banks of deposit and discount." To such an argument there could be but one reply, and all the State banks became with one accord National Banks.

All this is a matter of history, but a history which it is quite necessary to bear in mind in order to understand the phase of their existence on which these institutions have now entered. For, the party pretending to new financial light is strongly urging the canceling of the circulation of the National Banks, on the plea that they are drawing twenty millions annually out of the pockets of the people in the shape of interest on the bonds deposited as securities. The amount of that circulation now afloat is, in round numbers, \$300,000,000, and on the withdrawal or canceling of these, it is proposed to issue in their place an equal amount of greenbacks; and by some strange confusion of ideas, it is asserted by "the journal of mysterious influence" that the annual interest on that sum would be saved. But how "saved"? one naturally asks. Is it not self-evident that if the three hundred and forty millions of bonds held by the Treasury as security for circulation of three hundred millions were owned by any other parties, the same amount of interest must equally be payable? And as the interest must be paid to some one, does it make a particle of difference to the public whether it be paid to the banks or to private individuals? No. It is impossible to believe that the currency doctors are not quite aware of this alternative, though some of them endeavor to disguise it under a cloud of unmeaning abuse of the banks. B. F. Butler, Mr. Pendleton and others, are honest enough not to conceal what they really mean. They see clearly enough that a mere shifting of the ownership of three hundred and forty millions of bonds would be no relief to taxpayers. The mere substitution of a uniform greenback circulation of six hundred and sixty-five millions for the present mixed circulation of three hundred and sixty-five millions of greenbacks (exclusive of fractional currency), and three hundred millions of National Bank-notes, is not of sufficient importance or interest to the people to found any agitation upon. Their real object extends much further. Supposing that the three hundred and forty millions of bank deposits consisting of 5-20 bonds—the portion consisting of 10-40's cannot be touched, since these must, by the act, be paid in coin, and about two hundred millions of these were issued—they desire these to be paid off in paper currency, in direct violation of the good faith of our Government, although not in violation of the act creating them, as we lately took occasion to show.

Suppose, then, that the objects these repudiators—the *Herald* by implication, and the Butler-Pendleton party directly—are driving at could be achieved, where should we stand? The Treasury would have paid off the bonds deposited as securities by the banks by an issue of greenbacks of a like amount, and the banks, as banks of issue, must cease to exist, unless by paying a tax on their circulation; for it is folly to suppose that they would make fresh deposits to replace those of which they had been despoiled. The first blow would have been struck at our national credit; for if one bond could be paid in currency, all might be. The tacit understanding by which the banks relinquished their State allegiance to become appendages of the Federal Government will have been violated. Commerce would be suspended, because all values would be disturbed. And all this because a set of party tricksters, who, during the war, were, if not actual enemies, at best but faint friends to our cause, find, in the agitation they are creating, a new way of mending their political fortunes.

We cannot but consider it an ominous sign that this question enters largely into the political campaign in Ohio; and although we are treated daily to the sophistries by which Mr. Pendleton and his party are trying to delude the people, we do not find their opponents taking the advantage they might, of having the faith of the Government and the dictates of common honesty on their side. Against a new-born impatience under a temporary burden of taxation, and exaggerated accounts of the evil of our financial system, may properly be set a well-founded trust in our ability to struggle successfully against any financial difficulties, and by the amazing industry of our people to



We give, this week, a series of illustrations of the enthusiastic reception accorded to General Sheridan by New York and Brooklyn. The General may be proud of the enthusiasm evoked by his presence, being as it is a testimony of the hearty recognition by the loyal heart of the American people of his personal honesty and worth, and of his manifestation of these qualities in every public position he has held. His journey from Washington has been a continued triumph, and his stay in this city a continued ovation. This receipt on, as it shows that he has the popular confidence, must be most pleasing to its recipient, and must strengthen his resolution to continue to deserve it, despite any attempt of the authorities to lower him in the public esteem.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.

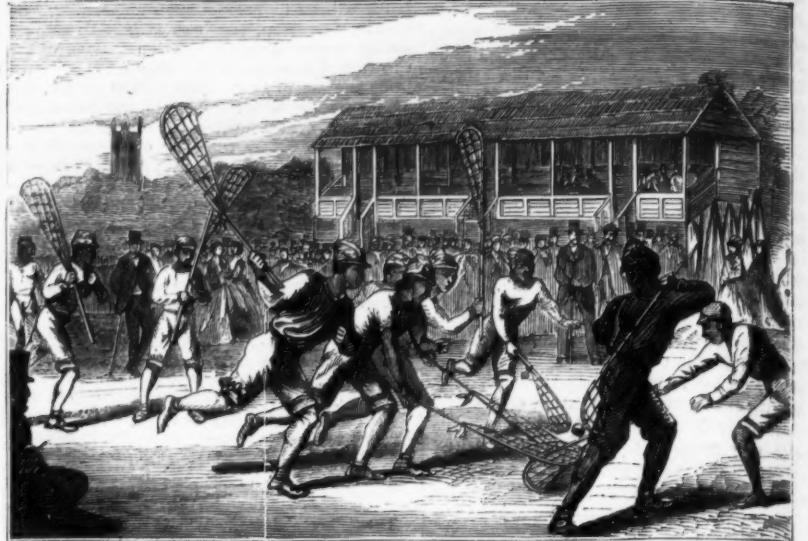


LAUNCH OF THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' LIFE-BOAT AT HUNSTANTON, ENGLAND.

Launch of the Licensed Victuallers' Life-Boat at Hunstanton, England. The want of a life-boat has long been felt at Hunstanton, on the coast of Norfolk; and on Wednesday, Sep-

tember 4, the interesting ceremony of presenting a new boat to the Life-boat Association was witnessed at that town, the donors being the licensed victuallers. Last

winter the ship Favorite was wrecked off the coast. There was no life-boat, but the coastguard crew gallantly put off in their boat. The wind, however, was blowing along the coast, and the boat drifted away to



LA CROSSE, THE NATIONAL GAME OF CANADA.

sentation by them of the life-boat Licensed Victuallers to the National Life-boat Institution. A party of excursionists left London to be present at the ceremony. The life-boat had arrived the preceding day, and was

along the high road was about a mile, as its station is to be at Old Hunstanton, and not at the recently-built village. Arrived upon the sands, the procession halted, and drew up around the boat to listen to the inaugura-



FURNITURE GALLERY OF THE FRENCH COLONIES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



PACKING SADDLERY IN THE WOOLWICH DOCKYARD FOR THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.



COCK-FIGHTING AT PARRAL, STATE OF CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

tember 4, the interesting ceremony of presenting a new boat to the Life-boat Association was witnessed at that town, the donors being the licensed victuallers. Last

Hull. It was this incident which, coming to the ears of some members of the Society of Licensed Victuallers, produced the movement which has ended in the pre-



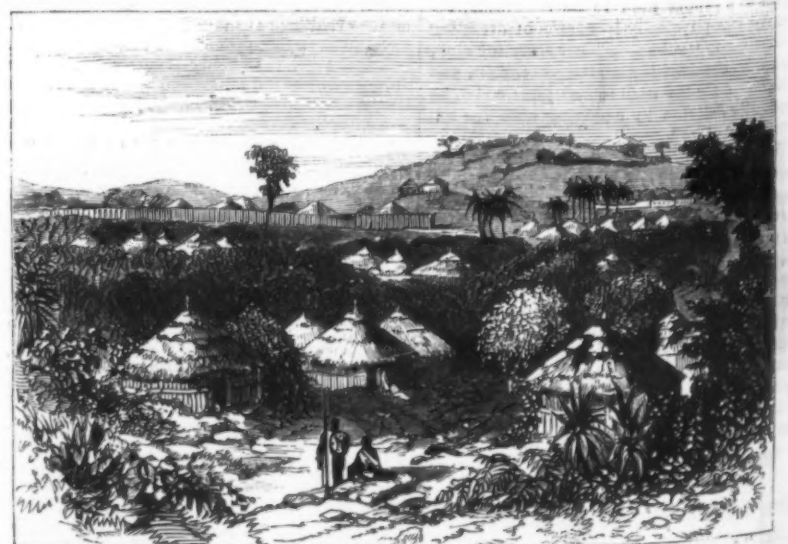
THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION FLEET OF TRANSPORTS LYING IN THE MFERSEY.

standing upon the carriage, at about a hundred yards from the station. Round this a procession was formed. It was headed by the band of the Licensed Victuallers' Schools. The distance the life-boat had to be taken

speeches. Mr. Winterbotham, president of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, said, "It is my pleasing duty, on behalf of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, to present this life-boat to you, Captain Ward, as repre-



FIRE IN THE FORESTS OF VERQ AND BORGOLIANO, CORSICA—TROOPS GOING TO THE SCENE OF THE CONFLAGRATION.



DEBRA-TABOR, ABYSSINIA, THE RESIDENCE OF KING THEODORE.





SCENE FROM THE OPERA BOUFFE, "THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN," AT THE FRENCH THEATRE, FOURTEENTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE, N. Y.—THE CONSPIRACY—FINALE TO THE 2ND ACT.—SEE PAGE 70.

representative of the National Life-boat Institution. Captain Ward, I have only in the name of our society to offer you this life-boat, and we hope that its career may be a useful one." Captain Ward returned thanks. The Rev. Mr. Martin then uttered an appropriate prayer for the boat, and Mrs. Winterbotham, wife of the president of the society, afterward broke a bottle of wine against it, with the words, "I name this boat the Licensed Victualler. May God prosper her!" The boat then moved off to the sea, and, amid a burst of hearty cheering,

made her first plunge into it. The crew pulled about for some time, and capsized her with difficulty in order to display her self-righting qualities. The excursionists then returned to Hunstanton, where they sat down to a luncheon provided in a tent in the grounds of the Golden Lion. Soon after the party left for town, very much pleased with their day's trip.

**The Furniture Gallery of the French Colonies at the Great Exposition.**

After France itself, the French Colonies held a very

important situation in the Great Exposition. Our illustration shows the gallery devoted to the display of the furniture contributed by them, which attracted great attention both for the style of workmanship and the varieties of the woods used in their manufacture.

**Cock-Fighting at Parral, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico.**

Cock-fighting was, no doubt, practiced by the native

Mexican or Peruvian Indians with some of the tame birds of the country. In Java, China, and Japan this sport has been practiced time out of mind; and even in our own country it survives, in spite of legal prohibitions and the vigilance of the police. The patrons of the sport declare that the birds will fight; "it is their nature to;" and that there is nothing cruel in enabling them to carry out their instincts in a systematic manner



MADAME ADELAIDE RISTORI, AS MARIE ANTOINETTE, AT THE FRENCH THEATRE, FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 70.



(THE LATE DR. CHARLES KING.—SEE PAGE 70.)



by making their contests a matter for amusement. The Mexican sportsmen—sleazy, dirty, heavy-lidded, muffled vagabonds as they are—would probably disdain any philosophical excuse. They meet not only for sport, but to indulge in their most ardent pleasure, that of gambling. The cock-pit of Chihuahua is a real circle of adobe, or sun-dried brick, and the seedy sportsmen bring their favorite birds—ragged, villainous-looking bipeds, like themselves, and with none of the trim, sleek gentility of the English gamecock—and pit them against each other for all the money that they have been able to beg, borrow, or steal for a week before. The sport, which, when our sketch was taken, was held in January, takes place in a building devoted to the purpose; for at Chihuahua cock-fighting is an institution, and the weather in that month is cold enough to cause the owners of the birds to assume those ample, but often ragged and greasy cloaks, which give the lower class of Mexicans so mysteriously ruffianly an appearance to European eyes.

#### Fire in the Forests of Vero and Borgogliano, Corsica.

During the summer months the traveler arriving at Corsica, is attracted by the various brilliant fires he sees at various points along the coast. These fires are kindled for the purpose of burning the weeds, and as they say in the island, for enriching the uncultivated fields, which are thus prepared without costing money or trouble. Last August, however, one of these fires became communicated with the forests of Vero and Borgogliano. The village of Vero was threatened with destruction, and the French commander, Count de Guéydon, went on the 22d of August a detachment of soldiers to fight the fire. Our illustration represents their march. By the aid of these soldiers and other detachments the fire was finally conquered, and the village was saved.

#### La Crosse, the National Game of Canada.

In many respects the Canadian game of La Crosse bears great analogy to hockey, with the exception that it is allowable to catch the ball in the network of the "crosse." The "crosse" is a hickory stick, about four feet long, and bent at the end, and over the crooked part a network of deer-skin is stretched, on which the ball can be caught and carried, until knocked out by an opponent—something in fact like catching the ball at football, and carrying it in until a regular *melle enaues*. Two poles six feet high denote the goal-post, and whilst these, topped with flags, are placed six feet apart, the distance from one goal to the other is optional. The ball is made of hollow india-rubber, and must not exceed nine, nor be less than eight inches in circumference; and the game is won when one side drives it through the goal-posts of their adversaries. It is also not to be touched by the hand, except to take it out of any hole in the ground, to keep it out of goal, or to prevent it striking the face; and if it be accidentally put through the goal by one of the players defending it, the side attacking that goal wins the game, although, should it be put through by a non-player, it does not count for or against either side. The opponents are not allowed to trip each other up, grasp each other's "crosse," or strike each other; and unless it be stipulated to the contrary, the winners of three games out of five gain the victory. This game is becoming most fashionable in England, since it entails an amount of endurance and speed that renders it most desirable to those who delight in athletic pursuits, and are fervent upholders of muscular Christianity.

#### Packing Saddlery in Woolwich Dock-yard for the Abyssinian Expedition.

Our illustration gives an idea of the magnitude of the task the English have undertaken in projecting an expedition to Abyssinia. By those most competent to judge, it is feared that the difficulties of the climate, and the country, without any resistance from the natives, will render the expedition wholly abortive. Time, however, only will show.

#### The Abyssinian Expedition.—Fleet of Transports Lying in the Mersey.

The great subject of interest in England at present is the expedition to Abyssinia, to rescue the captives in possession of King Thodore, and in consequence we give in this issue three illustrations bearing upon this subject. One of them shows the fleet of transports prepared for the troops of the expedition, the number of which shows that if the expedition fails, it will not be for want of numbers, but from the dangers of the climate, and the natural obstacles of the country.

#### Debra-Tabor, Abyssinia, the Residence of King Theodore.

Our illustration of Debra-Tabor, the residence of King Theodore, of Abyssinia, is of peculiar interest just at present, while the English are preparing an expedition to rescue the captives who have been in his power so long, and apparently so hopelessly.

#### RISTORI AS MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Our picture of Madame Ristori, in the character of Marie Antoinette, will be welcome to all the American admirers of this lady, who has gained in this rôle another triumph to be added to her already long list. The play was presented for the first time in America on the 7th of October.

#### THE LATE DR. CHARLES KING.

THE Atlantic Cable announces the death at Frascati, near Rome, of Dr. Charles King, formerly President of Columbia College. Dr. King was a son of Rufus King. He passed some of his earliest years abroad while his father was in the diplomatic service, and was educated at Harrow, England, with his elder brother, the late Governor John A. King, both being school-fellows of Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel. For many years Charles King edited the New York American, an evening city paper which was merged in the Courier and Enquirer over twenty years ago, and remained connected with that journal until he was elected to the Presidency of Columbia College, a position which he held with success and distinction until his failing health and advancing years compelled him to leave it and seek repose and relief abroad. Dr. King was in his 80th year at the time of his death.

#### Scene from the Grande Duchesse of Gerolstine.

Our illustration represents the finale to the second act in the charming opera-bouffe of the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstine." The exquisite fun of this performance cannot be described. It must be seen to be appreciated. Our illustration represents the ending of the terrible conspiracy formed by the enemies of the hero of the piece. The Grande Duchesse having been charmed by a private soldier, raises him to the rank of Commander-in-Chief. In consequence, her Prime Minister, her former Commander-in-Chief, the General Bonin, and her suitor, the Prince Paul, con-

spire against the new favorite. While holding their meeting, the Grande Duchesse herself comes upon the scene, and having found that the favorite, despite her favors, still remained faithful to his early flame, joins the conspiracy, and the four expressing their satisfaction and joy, burst out into the dance we represent. Those of our readers who love to see the most extravagant fun without the slightest vulgarity, who delight in good music, have a taste for exquisite dressing, and enjoy the most delicate satire and wit, should all go and pass an evening with the Duchesse de Gerolstine, and then thank us for the suggestion.

#### THE TWO ARMIES.

As LIFE's unending column pours,  
Two marshaled hosts are seen—  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat roll,  
The wide mouthed clarion's bray,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad, yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennon's wave;  
Its banners bear the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade  
At honor's trumpet-call,  
With knitted brow and lifted blade  
In glory's arms they fall.

For those no clashing falchions bright,  
No stirring battle-cry,  
The bloodless stabber calls by night—  
Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laurel'd bust,  
The builder's marble piles,  
The anthems pealing o'er their dust  
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossomed-sprinkled turf,  
That floods the lonely graves,  
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angels wait above,  
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,  
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast  
Her pulses Freedom drew,  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that scarlet dew—

While Valor's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love waits unchallenged through the gate,  
To sit beside the Throne!

#### Mrs. Brown in America—How She Came to go There.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

"WHAT!" I says to Brown, "go off to Merryker, the same as that fellow Maunders, in the middle of the night, in debt down to the milkman as were over three pounds, and him with a sick wife and seven infants, as is a country I don't 'old with, where they're all a-runnin' about in nothink but beads and a few feathers, as ain't common decent, a yellin' of their war 'oops and flourishin' about their Tommy 'awks, as is certain death, as I well remembers that pictur' of one myself as did used to 'ang over the dinin'-room mantel-piece in my first place, a settin' on 'is 'aunches a watchin' the dyin' agonies of General Wolfe, no doubt a-waitin' to devour 'im afore the breath were out of 'is body, like a ragin' wulver of a savage beast as killed Captin Cook when his back were turned, as is a cowardly act, and would 'ave done for Robinson Crusoe, all but for Friday. But what can you expect from a uninhabited island, as it wasn't no better than when fust discovered, long afore steam were invented, as is a long time to look forward to, but nothink when it's gone, as is in only a vapour arter all."

So Brown, he say, "Do 'old your clack, for I'm blest if you won't drive me into the Divorce Court, or Bedlam, or somewhere."

"Well," I say, "Mr. Brown, there's your betters as 'ave come to Bedlam 'thor' indictions as is calamities a-overtakin' 'em, but as to the Divorce Court, never; for I scorn your words, as 'ave never labored under no such amputations as could bring a blush in a 'onest woman's cheek," and I was that 'urt as I walked out of the room in a 'uff, with my feelins' 'urt, and didn't see nothink more on 'im till supper, as when it were over, he says to me, "I wasn't a-jokin' about Merryker, as I'm a-goin' to."

So I says nothink, but I busts into tears.

He says, "Hallo! what's up with you?"

So I says, "Brown, I've got a 'art and not a stone in my bussim, as can't think of bein' deserted in the evenin' of my days, and left behind the same as that wagabone Titterton, as left 'er with eight."

"Well," says Brown, "any'ow, I can't leave you with eight, old gal."

I says, "Brown, it's 'ard to jest when the 'art's a-breakin'."

He says, "I 'adn't no thoughts of leavin' you behind, old gal, if you've the pluck to come."

"Well," I says, "I did 'ope to 'ave died in a Christshen country, and been buried in my own natural symmetry, as the sayin' is. But," I says, "if you're a-goin' over there, I'll foller, if it's to death's door, as the sayin' is."

"Well," he says, "I thought as you'd come, if it was only to see Joe."

"What," I says, "are you a-goin' near him? then I'll go too."

"Well," he says, "there's the sea to be thought on, as is a trial, partekler at your age."

"Well," I says, "as to age, I'm younger than a many as 'ave gone; for look at Mrs. Wheeler, as were over eighty, and went reglar to Margate every year."

"Ah," he says, "you don't know what the sea is."

I says, "Don't I tho', as certainly is not a life I should ever 'ave took to; tho' females 'as been known to go for sailors, but in general thro' disappointed love, the same as that young gal in William Taylor, as must have looked werry foolish when discovered by the captin afore all the crew."

So Brown, he says, "Well, you may go for a sailor if you like, but I don't think as it would suit you."

I says, "None of your jeers, but do talk serious;" and so he did, and if he wasn't a-goin' to start that werry Saturday next as were a-comin', and me not a thing ready, and here was Sunday night.

"Owever I did get ready I don't know, but ready I was by that Friday, as put Mrs. Challin out me a-startin' on a Friday, as I says, "Rub-bish," and off we goes to Liverpool."

It certainly did give me a turn when we was bein' took aboard the steamer in a little one as were that crowded, it's a mercy we didn't go far in it or upset we should 'ave been.

When we got aboard the big steamer it certainly were wonderful for size, and I says to Brown as I didn't believe as she could be moved; but law bless you, the bell rung and we was off like nothink, and when the parties aboard the little steamer as 'ad come to see us off begun a-wavin' their 'ats and cheerin', I did feel a little choky, a-thinkin' as I was a-bein' committed to the deep, as the sayin' is.

It's all werry well for to call 'em staterooms where you sleeps, for a nice state the one was in as we're a-goin' to 'ave, and Brown he'd been and give up 'is bed-place to a woman, for lady I won't call 'er, through 'er behavior, as were reglar low life; for I'd been and took the underneath bed, as is one a-top of another like shelves, and that narrier as turn you can't, not to save your life, and while my back was turned, if that creatur' didn't get into my bed, and when I went down ag'in was a-anorin' like a 'og."

So I says, "Mem, you'll excuse me, but this is my bed."

"Oh!" she says, "I'm that awful bad I can't be moved."

So I calls the stewardses, as says, "Pr'aps, mem, you wouldn't mind a-takin' the upper berth?"

I says, "Me climb up there?" I says, "Never."

"Law," she says, "it's nothink for a springy figger like your'n."

Well, the vessel were a-beginnin' to roll, and the way as I were pitched about in that cabin a-comin'—sich cracks agin' the sides on it! So I turned that giddy, as I says, "Get to bed I must."

But, law! the work it were for me to get into that place; as I says, "You may well call it a berth as 'll be the death of me;" and so I thought it would for many a day.

Brown he couldn't come for to see me, through that party as were underneath, a-saying she were a single woman and couldn't be seen by no he creature, and I don't think as ever I did pass sich a five days, a-takin' next to nothink, and should 'ave perished but for that stewardses, as were a mother to me, and don't think if she 'adn't persuaded me I ever should 'ave come to light ag'in, as I did at last, though I must say when I got on deck and see nothink but a world of waters it give me a dreadful turn, and a lot of passengers a-walkin' about, and some a settin' on chairs, and me that figger, for in my 'urry to get out of that cabin I'd been and forgot to put on my 'air."

I must says the meals is wonderful reglar and that plentiful as five times a day is too many for me, though parties says as you require it at sea, but don't seem natural to me.

"Owever they can wash the things up I can't think, though in course 'avin' the oshun that 'andy is a convenience."

I 'ad no patience with that party as took my bed, for, bless you, she'd eat of ducks and pickles, with onions and fried 'am, to say nothink of fruit and vegetables, and all in 'er berth, and when she come on deck wanted every one for to wait on 'er.

I ain't got nothink to say agin' that steamer in fine weather, and as to the captin, he were constant smiles, and when I asked 'im if there was dangers, only said as he was sure of fine weather with me a-board; but, bless his 'art, he were wrong, for that werry night it took to blowin' like mad, and if that woman didn't 'owl like a lunatic, a-sayin' as we should be blowed into hices and perish or be lost in a fog, as sure enough it did come on werry thick, and they were ablowin' a whistle like mad nearly all night, as is fearful for to 'ear, and at last I couldn't stand it no longer, so I thought as I'd get out of bed and see what was a-goin' on. I 'ung on as well as I could, with my arms a kickin' about my feet, for to rest 'em on the side of the under bed. Well, just then the vessel give a lurch as sent me nearly a-flyin', but I 'eld on and put my foot down with all my force, as come agin something soft, as proved to be that woman's face as were a-lyin' close agin' the hedge of the berth, for fresh air. Well, she give sich a shriek as made me let go, and sent me a-flyin' out of the door agin the stewardses as were a-comin' in to see what was up, as I took for some one else, and in my fright 'ollers fire, through 'avin' been told as it is safest to call, as brings every one to the spot, as per'aps murder might keep away.

It certainly did bring 'em all out of their berths in a jiffy, and you never see sich a sight, and the way as they made a downright thoroughfare of me as were a-layin' in the passage as were that narrier as pass they couldn't.

If you'd 'eard the names as them passengers

called me, as stupid old fool was nothink, you 'ave said as I did, that if there was real fire you'd never give no alarm.

I was most 'urt at Brown, as never took it up, though a party on deck come up the next day, and says to 'im, with me settin' by, "Did you hear the row as some old ass of woman kicked up last night with a alarm of fire?" and if Brown, though he know'd 'twas me as 'ad done it, never took it up; but I was a-goin' to, only jest then they was a-eavin' of the log, as they calls it, and the captin were a-lookin' through a thing as looked like a bit broke off a wheel.

I says to a party, "What is he up to?"

"A takin' 'is observations," says he.

I says, "Oh! indeed," an' see 'im a-lookin' and at me.

So I says, "I 'ope he won't make none of 'is observations to me, as 'ave 'ad quite enough of 'em, as is werry uncalled for, I considers."

Law, it was dull work aboard that vessel, as I says to one lady, "I wonder they don't stop somewhere on the way, as would break the monotony."

"Ah!" she says, "there's always danger along the coast of goin' ashore."

"Oh!" I says, "no doubt, to them sailors, as when they gets ashore, will get a drinkin' in low company; but," I says, "you might trust me ashore, or any steady character."

We was a chattin' away when 'er 'usband come up, as were some sort of missionary, and says, "It's about this werry spot as the Sarah Ann is supposed to 'ave foundered and every soul aboard perished."

I says, "Why ever did they let 'er founder as couldn't have know'd 'ow to swim proper?"

"Oh," he says, "it were a ice-berg."

I says, "Why not get out of the way?"

He says, "Bless you, they're as big as Great Britain, and is miles under water, and in a fog you're on 'em in a instant."

While he was a-talkin' it were a-gettin' foggy, as made me feel queer for the instant, but he went on a-talkin' about all dangers of the sea.

Till at last I says, "It's no use your a-goin' on like that, for it won't keep off no dangers, and praps make 'em worse if they should come."

I should 'ave been werry dull but for some of the officers, as were that pleasant through bein' known to Brown; and I must say as they made me a drink as did more for to get over sea-sickness than anythink, and one or two of 'em was sweet, pretty singers, and would sing of a night like the birds on the trees, through hard work, through a thick fog, with the whistle a yellin' every minit.

I don't think as ever I were more glad for anythink than when they said as we should be in next day, though the missionary said as there was great risks, "But," he says, "my mind is made up."

"Well," I says, "I don't know nothink about your mind, but your body's well provided with food, let come what may;" for that man's downright gorged at every meal, and brought his wife, a ugly-lookin' thing; as kep' on deck sich lots of wittles that it's wonder she wasn't sick even on dry land.

We hadn't been none on us werry sociable all the voyage, but the last mornin' we was all like brothers and sisters; and I'm sure lots was that civil a sayin' as they'd be proud for to see me in Merryker.

It certingly is a noble spot, that Merryker, and the way as they brought that big steamer alongside the wharf was wonderful; but it was dreadin' work getting ashore. As I wore a-goin' to 'urry down the gangway, as they calls it, and if they didn't say to me "Stand out of the way for the males!" I says, "I always thought it were manners to let ladies go fust; but never mind," but they shoved me on one side, and rushed ashore with a lot of bags as were the letters. I was that scrouged on that deck that I watched my opportunity, and though I was regular loaded with two bags and a hand-box, I made a rush for to get down that plank; and some one come behind me with a large pack and sent me a flyin' down that slope, and if a man 'adn't ketched me I should 'ave pitched 'ead foremost into Merryker, and a nice dirty place, too, with coal-lust over your ankles, and me dressed genteel for landing in a nice barego, a light blue, with a pink stripe, and a white silk shawl, as 'ad cleaned equal to now.

I 'adn't 'ardly got on my feet when a party stops me and says, "Don't come 'ere—go back!" So I did; but I says, "Let me put down my parcels;" and jest as I was a speakin' I got a blow from behind as sent me kneelin' on my hand-box and regular squashed it.

So I says "Elp!" and if another thing did come slap on my back, says a man, "What are standin' 'ere for, jest in the way of the luggage?" and up he pulls me; and, sure enough, I was a-standin' at the bottom of a slidin' plank as they was a-slippin' everythink down.

I've felt 'eat in my time, through 'avin' often and often stood a whole day ironin' in July, let alone preservin', as is 'ot work, but never did I feel anythink like Merryker for 'eat—and no wonder so many on 'em 'ave turned black, as must be reglar burnt up.

If I set one minit on a packin'-case a-runnin' down with 'eat, jest ag'in a steam-engine as were like a furnace to my back, I must 'ave not there two 'ours, waitin' for Brown, as come at last, and blowed me up for bein' in sich a 'urry to get ashore, as 'ad stopped and 'ad lunch there in comfort, and me a-droppin' for somethin'.

I didn't see no Merrykins about, but only all English, as were werry perlitte. So I says to Brown, "Where are the natives?"

"Why," he says, "all round you, to be sure."

"What!" I says, "ain't they wild Injuns?"

He says, "No; not at all. But here's a savage as says he knows you."

And I turned round, and if there wasn't my Joe, as I know'd in a instant, though grown stout. I see the tears in his eyes, as he said,

"Mother, I never thought to see you here."



I say, "Thank God, as I've lived to see you again, my boy!"

He says, "Come along!" and he leads me away, and I couldn't 'elp a few tears at meetin' that dear boy again.

## The Isthmus of Suez Canal.

The distance between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to be united by the great Suez Canal, is about one hundred miles, and more than half of that distance has already been excavated, whilst the works to be completed on the southern half of the canal are much less formidable than those already finished on the northern half.

The canal, in fact, unites four natural lakes, which have always existed in the Isthmus, and the largest and deepest of these, called the Bitter Lake, extends to within less than ten miles from Suez. The channel of the canal, through the Bitter Lake, only requires to be deepened at the northern entrance and at the southern exit. In the body of the lakes there is water sufficient for the largest vessels.

The other lakes, through which the canal passes, are Lake Timsah, Lake Beelah, and Lake Menzaleh. Lake Timsah is the smallest of these, and has long been drying up. It is situated near the centre of the canal, south of the town of Ismailiyeh—a town which is situated in the heart of what was once a desert, and which has been called into existence by the canal and its consequent works only. Lake Beelah is five miles north of Lake Timsah; and Lake Menzaleh is several miles north of Lake Beelah—a ridge of sand only separating its northern shore from the Mediterranean.

The canal is intended to be, when completed, one hundred feet wide and thirty deep, and the works to insure its completion are on the most gigantic scale. On the Mediterranean side, a harbor had to be constructed, Port Said, under the most unfavorable circumstances. The workshops at the port are on a very large scale, and well repay a visit. One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed there, is the preparation of large blocks of artificial stone which are being thrown into the sea to form the breakwater at the entrance of the harbor. These blocks are made of sand from the harbor bed, and of hydraulic lime from France, well mixed together with water, and then put into wooden cases and rammed with sand. The wooden casing is removed after two days, and the blocks are left to dry in the sun. This operation it requires two months or more to complete. They are said to weigh about five tons each, and, when ready for use, they are lifted, by a traveling crane worked by steam, on trucks, passed on to a tramway, and pushed by a locomotive down to where the lighters are ready to receive them. They are transferred to the lighter by another traveling crane, and when the lighter has taken them out to sea, a crane, worked by steam, deposits them in the position they are to occupy.

The breakwater, which is being constructed by means of these blocks, will be nearly three miles long when completed. It forms the western side of the harbor. More than ten thousand of these blocks have been already constructed, and it will take five or six thousand more before this breakwater is complete.

Dredges are constantly at work deepening the harbor, and the superfluous earth and sand, that which is not required either for block-making or for embankments, is carried out to sea, and deposited several miles away, in a north-easterly direction.

Two side basins have been constructed, within the port, upon the western side, for shipping, and, although a great deal has been done to render Port Said a harbor fit to contain large vessels, a great deal remains to be done, and the difficulties to be surmounted are of the most formidable description.

On how large a scale operations have already been conducted in the formation of this canal, it is almost impossible to give an idea by simple description; but, when the reader reflects that two large towns, each containing several thousands of inhabitants, have been absolutely called into existence by the canal works, he will be better able to appreciate the gigantic nature of the enterprise, and the energy called into activity to overcome the difficulties encountered. These two towns are Port Said, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and Ismailiyeh, about half way between Port Said and Suez.

Where Port Said now stands, all was sand and desolation seven years ago, when the canal operations commenced. Every necessary of life had to be conveyed by boat from Damietta, thirty miles off; and now every comfort, and most of the luxuries of life, are obtainable in Port Said, in greater abundance, and with more facility, than in the ancient city of Damietta. A good deal of the foundation of the town consists of earth and sand dredged up from the bed of the harbor. The streets are regularly laid out, and they are kept as clean as it is possible to keep them, considering that Egyptians and Arabs inhabit most of them. There is a very comfortable hotel, with a long line of wooden apartments facing the sea. There are places of worship, both Christian and Mohammedan. But the great wonder of Port Said is, in truth, the extent and variety of the company's workshops, the machinery, the activity, bustle, and regularity of the works, the variety of races—Egyptian, Arab, French, English, Armenian, Levantine, Italian and Greek—all working harmoniously together.

The town of Ismailiyeh, called after the present Viceroy, is totally different from Port Said, but is not less wonderful. It is situated, as already said, about half way between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and, like Port Said, owes its origin entirely to the canal. The fresh-water canal, from the Damietta branch of the Nile, originally extended as far as a town called Zagazig, more than fifty miles west of Ismailiyeh, which

was then looked upon as the limit of civilization and habitable villages toward the east. All beyond was sand, desert and desolation, with wandering tribes of Bedouins to make the desolation dangerous. One of the first operations of the canal company was to continue the fresh-water canal to the east, and from a spot near the present Ismailiyeh, then all desert, it stretches away toward the south to Suez.

The fresh-water canal has had much to do with the foundation of Ismailiyeh in its present position. The town is on the north side of the canal, with the Lake Timsah not far off, on the south. It is regularly laid out with good, straight, broad streets, and cannot contain less than three or four thousand inhabitants. It has its French quarter, its Greek, Arab and mixed quarters, with a Roman Catholic church, a Greek church, and a Mussulman mosque. The hotel is a large upper-story building, about two hundred and fifty yards from the canal, and it is really extraordinary how comfortable the proprietor contrives to make the traveler in that out-of-the-way place in the desert.

The fresh water, conducted by the canal from Zagazig to Ismailiyeh, has been the cause of the cultivation of a good deal of land in the neighborhood of the latter town. Wandering Bedouins have given over their wandering habits and settled to agriculture; and the fresh water, which has caused all this, is not only conducted by the canal to Suez, but sent also, by means of iron pipes, northward to Port Said, to supply that rising town. The soil around Ismailiyeh appears to be excellent, and to want fresh water only to enable it to produce anything and everything.

From Port Said to Ismailiyeh communication is now daily carried on by means of small steamers on the salt-water canal, and from Ismailiyeh to Suez, in the other direction, by means of small steamers also, on the fresh-water canal. The entire distance is accomplished in about twenty-four hours; but exertions are being made to render the transit more rapid, and it is said that the time will be reduced to sixteen hours.

The deepest cuttings in the canal are in the neighborhood of El Geish, north of Ismailiyeh, and for five miles in that direction to Lake Beelah. In some parts the perpendicular depth here will be a hundred feet, when the canal is excavated to its full extent. South of Ismailiyeh, also, as far as Serapeum, there are some heavy and deep cuttings in progress, the work being peculiarly difficult when drift sand-hills have to be penetrated, as in this portion.

Where the land is very low, as in the excavations through Lakes Beelah and Menzaleh, the earth or sand excavated has been thrown down on either side to form firm and permanent banks; and in order to save time in the removal of the earth, long copper channels were fixed at an incline to the dredges, supported by props on a lighter alongside, and again, if necessary, on the bank. The earth falls from the scoops into the channels, and is conveyed at once a sufficient distance away from the water's edge.

The chief contractor has invented a new machine on a large scale, which does the work more effectively than the methods formerly in use, although it has not yet quite superseded them. It has one great advantage, that it is easily made available for a number of dredges. It is like a huge iron quadrant, strongly built, the outer edge of the segment of the circle being uppermost, the centre resting on a revolving bed. Along the chord of the arc is placed a tramway, on which trucks are drawn by a strong wire rope. An engine is attached to the traversing bed to work the whole machinery. The machine can be turned round where it stands, or it can be transported to any distance required on rails on which it rests, and which can be brought into connection with others. The earth excavated by the dredges is then dropped into lighters having wooden cases prepared for the purpose, each about four feet square. When all have been filled, the lighter is taken alongside the emptying-machine, each case is lifted from the lighter, put on to the truck on the machine, carried along the tramway, and the contents shot out at the other end away from the canal. By this means a lighter may be emptied in a few minutes.

The original agreement between the government of Egypt and the canal company ceded to the latter in perpetuity a considerable tract of land on either side of the canal, and, when the fresh water was obtained from the Damietta branch of the Nile, the canal company proceeded forthwith to cultivate these tracts where possible. This interfered with the pasha's cotton and sugar monopoly. The English, also, were by no means pleased at the French company obtaining so much influence in Egypt, or so permanent a hold upon so large a tract of country, and upon so large a proportion of the population as promised ultimately to be settled there. Negotiations were, therefore, commenced two years ago, which ended in the pasha's purchasing the land capable of cultivation on both sides of the canal which was not required by the company for two millions of pounds sterling, and this supply of ready money has been most seasonable, for the exchequer of the canal company was nearly drained, whilst half the works remain to be completed. The fresh-water canal was also ceded to the pasha, and the narrow strip of land left to the company on each side of the canal is for the future to be used for building purposes and storehouses only, and not for cultivation by means of the *fellahs*, or peasants.

There can be no doubt of the advantageous nature of this arrangement to both parties. The government of Egypt is thereby enabled to add largely to its revenues by bringing into cultivation the extensive valley between Zagazig and Ismailiyeh, where the soil is excellent, and fresh water is only required to fertilize it. Its authority is now supreme over the Arabs, who have settled there for cultivation, and all fear of subsequent jealousy and clashing of interests between

the company and the Egyptian government in the future is removed.

The rapid improvement of all the towns leading to the canal in every direction, is one direct result of the operations already carried on. Zagazig, for instance, a few years ago was a very ordinary Arab village, dirty, small, with a few mud-huts, a few palm-trees, a few cattle, and a population of half-starved, diseased Arabs and Egyptians. "Nous avons changé tout cela!" the French may well exclaim. Good buildings have been erected where all, a few years ago, was tumble-down wretchedness and filthy squalor. Factories for pressing cotton and constructing simple machinery, mills for grinding corn and extracting oil, have been erected, and the town bears that busy, bustling aspect which denotes that its Oriental lethargy has well-nigh gone, and has been superseded by the energy of the West.

In Suez, too, the canal works have already effected a wonderful revolution. A magnificent dry-dock has been constructed, and the most extensive dredging and breakwater-making operations are in progress. The dry-dock is more than four hundred feet long, and nearly a hundred broad, whilst large basins for the secure anchorage of ships and steamers are being formed in front of it. Steam power resounds on every side, on shore and on the water; the iron horse snorts, and pants, and labors incessantly. The new piers are being connected with the railway to Cairo and with the town of Suez by branch lines of railway. The Egyptian government, shamed into activity by the gigantic works carried on by the canal company, is constructing piers and basins of its own at Suez, and what was, ten years ago, one of the laziest and filthiest of Eastern cities, is now all life and energy, whilst the constant European supervision exercised over the works prevents the Arab and Egyptian from indulging in their usual license for the accumulation of filth.

The completion of the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is therefore a question simply of time and money. There are no physical difficulties yet to be encountered greater than those which have already been encountered and overcome. Immense sums of money have already been spent upon it, and immense sums must still be spent upon it, before it can be rendered fit to accomplish the intended purpose—that is, the transit of large vessels from sea to sea. Already goods can be conveyed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and vice versa, by means of the fresh-water canal from Suez to Ismailiyeh, and of the grand canal from Ismailiyeh to Port Said, but goods can also be conveyed from Suez to Alexandria more conveniently by rail, and more quickly too. The full purpose of the Grand Suez Canal will not be attained until large vessels are able to pass through it from end to end, so that steamers may pass on without unloading in Egypt, through the Red Sea to Bombay, or Galle, or Calcutta, or China, or Australia, as may be desired; and not till then can the canal become remunerative.

For sailing vessels it can never be made largely available, because the Red Sea is a long, narrow, gulf-like sea, subject to the monsoons, so that for one half the year sailing vessels could only sail up it, and for the other half of the year down it, without a ruinous loss of time caused by the incessant tacking necessary, and considerable danger.

Again, during the blowing of the simoom, the canal will be liable, constantly liable, to have its works, its locks, etc., rendered temporarily useless by the deposit of large quantities of drift-sand. Hedging back the sand by means of palisades on both sides of the canal may do something toward preventing its flowing or sinking into the body of the excavations, and the vegetation, encouraged on both sides of the embankment, may also do something toward preventing the drift-sand being so troublesome as it might otherwise be; but the work will always be liable to great dangers from the nature of the desert around it, and no one has experience sufficient, nor is it possible for any one to have this experience for many years, to enable him to say what the effect of the peculiar circumstances under which it is constructed will be upon its completion and its subsequent working.

That it is a great, a grand work, is indisputable—a work worthy of a great people to undertake, and which a great people only could push to completion—a work which, if left to Egypt and the Egyptian government only, would probably never be constructed. Whether it will ever pay its constructors as a commercial speculation, remains to be seen, and is very doubtful.

Nothing can exceed the kindness of the French authorities in affording every facility for strangers properly introduced to inspect the works. There is no concealment, no exclusiveness. The work is cosmopolitan, and it is carried out by the French engineers and overseers in a cosmopolitan spirit.

## MARRIAGE OF A HINDOO GIRL TO AN IDOL.

The following curious account of the marriage of a Hindoo girl to an idol is given by the *Oude Gazette*: "Some time ago a paper of the northwestern provinces announced the arrival of an old Deccan Brahmin with his family in the town of Muthra, where Rangacharee, the high priest of the Ramano-Jee sect, greatly patronized him. The old Brahmin has two daughters, one a grown-up girl, and the other only nine years old. While residing at Muthra the younger girl gave out that Krishnaje (one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the Hindoo god) appeared to her in a dream, and proposed a nuptial alliance with her. Next day the girl was with great pomp married to an idol worshiped in a Hindoo temple. The ignorant and superstitious people rejoiced at this absurd marriage, and began to venerate the girl as an inspired being. Both the girls have learned by ear 18,000 couplets of the 'Bhagwat,' a work in the Sanscrit language. They have now arrived in this city and put up at a house in the vicinity of the 'Gole Durwaza.' Every morning Hindoos of all ages and sexes congregated there to hear the melodious recitations of the two girls. Both the girls consider themselves as dedicated to the service of the god Krishna; and after their daily recitations are concluded they make no hesitation in accepting such presents of money and sweetmeats as their hearers may choose to give them. We have little doubt that they have already reaped a rich harvest from their deluded votaries."

## ART, SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

ARGUMENTS of the discussions now going on in the scientific world as to the probable age of man on the earth, we find a very full account of the discovery of a human skull in California, at a depth of 130 feet below the surface of the earth, and beneath deposits of volcanic origin and vast antiquity. The account, which is minute and straight forward, is contained in the California correspondence of the New York Times:

"It is well known to geologists and to miners that at a period, as measured by historical records, immensely remote, the Sierras were the scene of a wide-extended volcanic action and disturbance. Vast streams of lava were poured forth from burning volcanoes. Often in valleys those mountain-sides are now quite obliterated and worn away. The slopes of the Sierras are covered now with these volcanic deposits. Since they were poured forth, new mountains have been formed, the ancient rivers have been filled up or turned from their courses, and the enormous cañons of these American Alps have been worn away by the slow action of the new rivers. One can form thus a feeble estimate of the time which must have elapsed since that period of eruption and disturbance.

"And yet even in the vastly ancient period preceding this—in the Pliocene of California—there is reason to believe that man existed, at the same time with the rhinoceros, the camel (or a species allied to it) and the fossil horse; in an antiquity far beyond that of the flint-makers of Abbeville and Amiens, and out-reaching all human estimates of time.

"The facts are these: A human skull was found in a shaft sunk on a mining claim at Altaville, near Angulo, Calaveras County, California, by a Mr. James Mason. Mr. Mason states that it was found at a depth of about 130 feet, in a bed of gravel five feet in thickness, above which are four beds of consolidated volcanic ash, locally known as "lava." These volcanic beds are separated from each other by layers of gravel, described thus:

1. Black lava.....	40 feet
2. Gravel.....	5 feet
3. Light lava.....	30 feet
4. Gravel.....	5 feet
5. Light lava.....	15 feet
6. Gravel.....	25 feet
7. Dark brown lava.....	9 feet
8. Gravel.....	8 feet
9. Red lava.....	4 feet
10. Red gravel.....	17 feet
Total.....	153 feet

"The skull was found in bed No. 8, just above the lower stratum of lava. It was covered, and partly encrusted with stony matter. The portions preserved are the frontal bone, the nasal bone, the superior maxillary bone of the right side, the malar bone, a part of the temporal bone of the left side, with the mastoid process and zygomatic process, and the whole of the orbits of both eyes.

The base of the skull is embedded in a mass of bone-bricks and small pebbles of volcanic rock, encrusted with a thin layer of carbonate of lime. It is now deposited in the office of the State Geological Survey. To the most superficial eye it has a remarkable resemblance to the skull of the Digger Indian; the same elevated frontal region and yet large cerebellum, making the animal organs prominent, though showing no marked deficiency in the intellectual process; the facial angle fair, the same width between the eyes and overhanging process over them. The most remarkable feature of the skull was the great thickness of its bone-covering; otherwise it was by no means a low or degenerated type.

"The facts in regard to the discovery of the skull, stated above, were given in a paper by Prof. J. D. Whitney, read before the California Academy of Sciences. He states, however, that he purposely visited the locality itself, and seeing the exact place in which this interesting relic was discovered, I was in the neighborhood, and learned that the shaft was still full of water, and therefore could not be examined.

"Even if this skull, by some accident, should have been dropped into these deposits (which is exceedingly improbable), it belongs without doubt, then, to some her ancient period—the Post Pliocene, just succeeding the volcanic epoch—in whose remains many human implements, such as stone mortars and flint arrow-heads, have been found, though thus far no human bones. At that remote period, the mastodon and the elephant wandered through the forests of the Sierras, and the tapir, the buffalo and the horse abounded in the valleys. There seem no distinct flint, bone and stone ages in California among the ancient inhabitants. Flint and stone are found together, and I believe no bone implements. It would thus appear that countless ages since, the prototypes and probably the ancestors of the present Digger Indians plucked the seeds and hunted the small animals of the Sierras. They seem even to have been superior to the present tribes, for these have no movable stone-mortars, but grind their seeds in natural cavities of the rocks. This skull, if different, is probably superior to the skull of the average modern Indian of California."

THE glaciers give up their dead. A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Zermatt in Switzerland, tells us that "the remains of a gentle man lost on a glacier fifteen years ago have recently been discovered. In the year 1852 the Syndic of Gressoney fell into a crevasse on the Avenza glacier (under the Breithorn, on the Italian side), so deep that though men were let down by ropes they were unable to reach his body. A few days ago the landlord of the little inn at the head of the Val d'Ayas, into which the Avenza glacier descends, found these remains on the surface of the ice, and yesterday they were brought down for burial by a large party of the inhabitants. The bones were deposited at a considerable distance from where I was staying, so that I had no opportunity of seeing them; but I was informed they were broken into fragments, as might have been expected, by the pressure of the ice. Strange to say, however, the unfortunate man's telescope was found almost unharmed."

IOWA has now a population of about 900,000, an increase of over 145,000 in two years, or very nearly ten per cent. per annum. This is the highest rate of increase, both absolute and relative, ever attained in that State, except during 1854 and 1855, when there was an extraordinary influx of immigrants. The annual rate of increase in the seven North-Western States is about the same as in Iowa, namely—ten per cent. At this rate the population of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas, which was over 4,632,000 in 1860, is now about 7,000,000, and will be at least 10,000,000 in 1870.

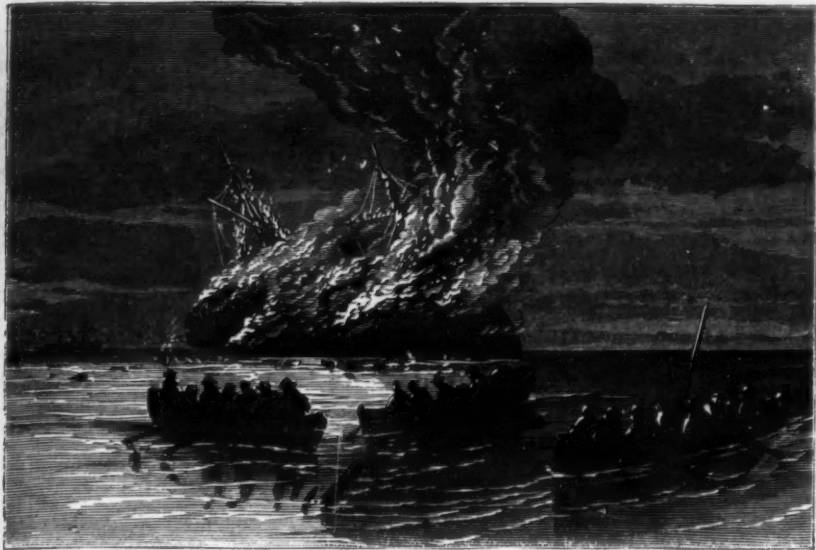
In the lower portion of the Mississippi Valley there has certainly been a decrease in population since 1860. The census taken in Mississippi in 1860, shows a decrease of 10,439 in whites, and of 60,146 in blacks. The population in 1860 was 801,213, and in 1866 only 734,718, showing the enormous decrease of 76,885 in six years. Other States in the same section did not suffer such heavy losses. Texas has probably gained several thousands. But taking the lower valley as a whole, its population is not much larger than it was in 1860. The census returns for that year give Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas and Texas a population of over 5,769,000, or 1,117,000 more than the seven States on the Upper Mississippi. But now, the lower section has a population not exceeding 5,000,000, and is either stationary, or only beginning to recover from the effects of the war, while the upper section has a population of 7,000,000, and is increasing with almost unexampled rapidity.





GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AND SERENADE GIVEN TO MAJOR-GEN. PHIL. H. SHERIDAN ON MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30TH, AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 167.





THE BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP TIOGA AT SEA, ON THE MORNING OF THE 27TH SEPT.



REMAINS OF A SOLDIER, FOUND IN BROWN'S WOOD, FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 76



MRS. GREENFIELD, OF BROOKLYN, ASSISTING THE CREW AND PASSENGERS OF THE TIOGA IN THEIR EFFORTS TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE

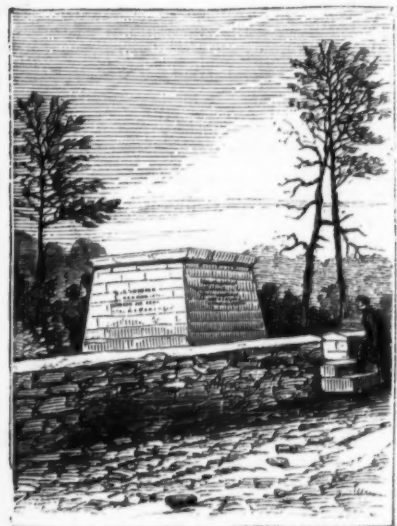
**LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP TIOGA.**  
A terrible disaster at sea occurred on the morning of the 27th of September, by which three lives were lost. Had it not been for the timely aid of a passing vessel the consequences might have been much more serious. The steamship Tioga, of Philadelphia, while on her way to that city from New Orleans, caught fire and was completely consumed. She had a large list of passengers, all of whom were saved. Three of her crew were burned to death. The survivors were rescued by the steamer Rapidan, William B. Eaton, Commander.

The account of the disaster given by the survivors is as follows:

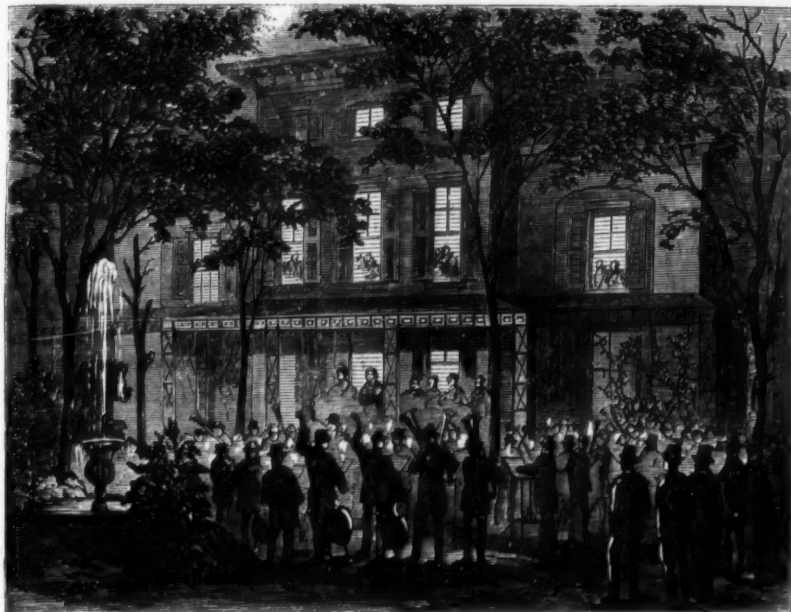
minutes had the effect of subduing the flames, which gave an opportunity to get the boats ready for lowering. There were five of these, but one of them could not be reached in consequence of the intervening flames. The available ones were lowered, however, and all the passengers transferred in safety to them. Only one lady passenger—Mrs. Greenfield, of Brooklyn—was on board at the time, and she worked nobly with the rest to extinguish the fire, holding an infant in one arm while she carried buckets of water with the other. She continued at her post until compelled by the captain to enter one of the lifeboats. The transfer of the passengers had scarcely been accomplished when the steamship Rapidan appeared on the port quarter, and passed across the stern of the Tioga. Captain Moree hailed her, and, making known his condition, asked that the Rapidan would assist him, and take up his passengers



HOW A MOTHER FOUND HER LONG LOST CHILDREN.—SEE PAGE 75.



MONUMENT ON STONE RIVER (MURFREESBORO) BATTLE-GROUND, IN MEMORY OF THE SOLDIERS OF HAZEN'S BRIGADE.—SEE PAGE 76.



SERENADE TO DR. DOREMUS BY THE MEMBERS OF THE N. Y. PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, ON TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 24TH, AT HIS RESIDENCE, FOURTH AVENUE.—SEE PAGE 76.

At one in the morning the engine suddenly stopped, and it was discovered that the ship was on fire, when immediately the alarm was given, and in a few minutes the entire crew and all the passengers were upon deck. There was no unusual excitement among them, and with ease the entire number were speedily organized into a working force, and they proceeded vigorously to the task of extinguishing the flames. In about half an hour afterward a terrific explosion was heard in the direction of the engine-room, and upon repairing thither it was ascertained that the steam-pipe leading from the main boiler to the donkey engine had exploded, killing the engineers, a coal-passer, and an oiler, who had been working at the donkey engines in order to get a stream of water upon the flames. The escaping steam for a few

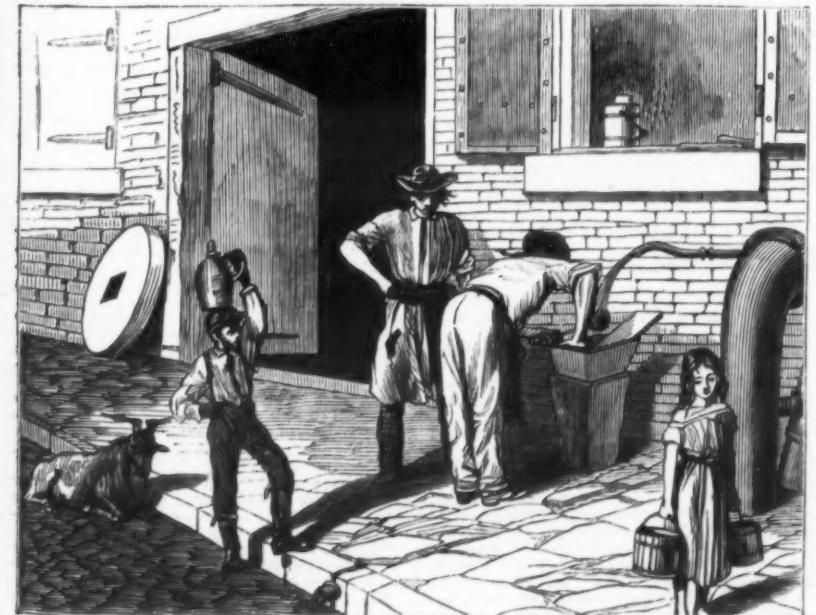
from the small boats. Fortunately the sea was calm at the time, and there was little difficulty experienced in transferring the passengers to the deck of the friendly vessel.

**The Late Rev. Dr. John M. Krebs.**

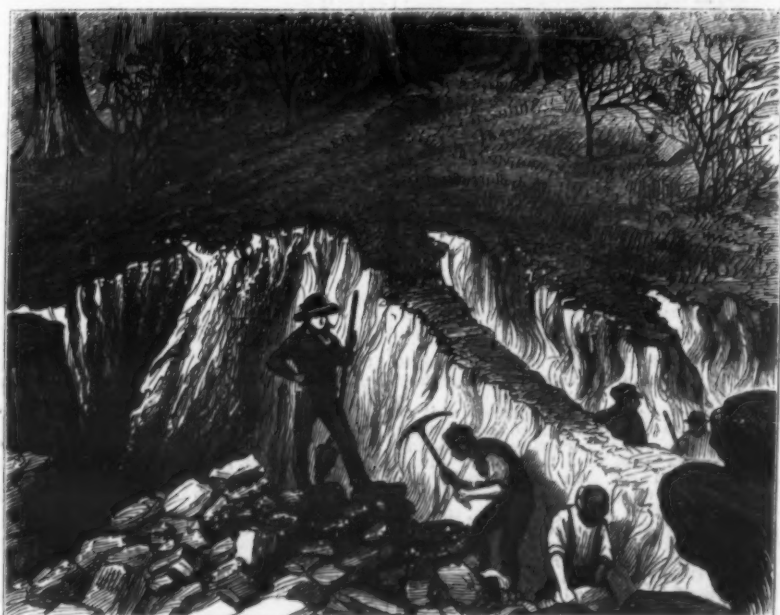
AFTER a protracted sickness of more than a year, the Rev. Dr. John M. Krebs died in this city on the morning of the 13th of September. He was one of the ablest ministers of the Presbyterian Church, and well known for his talent. He was a graduate of Princeton College. He had for the last five years been in charge of the church at the intersection of Madison avenue and Twenty-ninth street, and was President of the Board of Foreign Missions and a director of Princeton Seminary.



THE LATE REV. DR. JOHN M. KREBS, OF NEW YORK CITY.—FROM A PHOT. BY BRADY.



ARTESIAN WELL ON O'FALLON STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.—SKETCHED BY JAS. E. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 75.



NOVACULITE QUARRIES ON WHITESTONE MOUNTAIN, ARKANSAS.—SKETCHED BY JAS. E. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 75.

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AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 167.  
ON MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30TH,  
TO MAJOR-GEN. PHIL. H. SHERIDAN  
AND SERENADE GIVEN  
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE N. Y. PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY



## OCTOBER.

The climax of the year's revealed,  
The fruitful earth has done her duty;  
Young Summer's fled the ripened field,  
Mature Autumn reigns in beauty,  
All Nature's with fruition clad,  
By lake and rill,  
By vale and hill,  
Life in its legion forms is glad.

The sun beams down with tempered ray  
On fields shorn of the harvest's glory.  
The farmer in the shortening day  
Believes his toil with song and story.  
His wavering hopes with plenty crowned  
Makes him rejoice;  
His cheerful voice  
In echoes through our hearts resound.

The languid pulses throb with life,  
The balmy air is full of vigor,  
And men rush fair to business-strife  
Who witted in the summer's rigor.  
And languid Commerce lives again;  
The marts of trade  
Are prosperous made,  
And crowded through the farmer's wain.

And Beauty in the nerving air  
Our streets and walks is now adorning,  
In flowing garments far more fair  
Than flowers of the past summer's morning;  
Her eye the gleam of health revealing,  
As on her cheek  
The blushes speak  
Of hidden depths of thought and feeling.

In hall and home sweet song resounds,  
The mimic stage its mirth dispenses.  
Warm Cordiality abounds,  
And all the joys of life enhances;  
The anxious are assured of bread—  
No empty barns,  
No famine warns,  
No fear the poor will not be fed.

Fill high the bowl with sacred wine,  
The God of Heaven has plenty sent us;  
Let all men quaff the draught divine,  
And joy while sorrows don't prevent us.  
Our hearts now loathe thoughts dull or sober;  
In song and dance  
Let swift hours prance  
And celebrate a glad October.

## THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XLIII.—CONTINUED.

AFTER that there was silence among them, and for a while it seemed as though there could be no approach to the subject on which Grantly had come thither to express himself. Mrs. Crawley, in her despair, said something about the weather; and the major, trying to draw near the special subject, became bold enough to remark "that he had had the pleasure of seeing Miss Crawley at Framley."

"Mrs. Roberts has been very kind," said Mrs. Crawley, "very kind indeed. You can understand, Major Grantly, that this must be a very sad house for any young person."

"I don't think it is at all sad," said Jane, still standing in the corner by the upright desk. Then Major Grantly rose from his seat and walked across to the girl and took her hand.

"You are so like your sister," said he. "Your sister is a great friend of mine. She has often spoken to me of you. I hope we shall be friends some day."

But Jane could make no answer to this, though she had been able to vindicate the general character of the house while she was left in her corner by herself.

"I wonder whether you would be angry with me," continued the major, "if I told you that I wanted to speak a word to your father and mother alone?"

To this Jane made no reply, but was out of the room almost before the words had reached the ears of her father and mother. Though she was only sixteen, and had as yet read nothing but Latin and Greek—unless we are to count the twelve books of Euclid and Wood's Algebra, and sundry smaller exercises of the same description—she understood, as well as any one then present, the reason why her absence was required.

As she closed the door the major paused for a moment, expecting, or perhaps hoping, that the father or the mother would say a word. But neither of them had a word to say. They sat silent, and as though conscience-stricken. Here was a rich man come, of whom they had heard that he might probably wish to wed their daughter. It was manifest enough to both of them that no man could marry into their family without subjecting himself to a heavy portion of that reproach and disgrace which was attached to them. But how was it possible that they should not care more for their daughter—for their own flesh and blood, than for the incidental welfare of this rich man? As regarded the man himself, they had heard everything that was good. Such a marriage was like the opening of paradise to their child.

"Nil consere sibi," said the father to himself, as he buckled on his armor for the fight.

When he had waited for a moment or two the major began:

"Mrs. Crawley," he said, addressing himself to the mother, "I do not quite know how far you may be aware that I—that I have for some time been—been acquainted with your eldest daughter."

"I have heard from her that she is acquainted with you," said Mrs. Crawley, almost panting with anxiety.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it at once," said the major, smiling, "and say outright that I have come here to request your permission and her father's to ask her to be my wife." Then he was silent, and for a few moments neither Mr. nor Mrs. Crawley replied to him. She looked at her husband, and he gazed at the fire, and the smile died away from the major's face, as he watched the solemnity of them both. There was something almost forbidding in the peculiar gravity of Mr. Crawley's countenance, when, as at present, something operated within him to cause him to express dissent from any proposition that was made to him. "I do not know how far this

may be altogether new to you, Mrs. Crawley," said the major, waiting for a reply.

"It is not new to us," said Mrs. Crawley. "May I hope, then, that you will not disapprove?"

"Sir," said Mr. Crawley, "I am so placed by the untoward circumstances of my life that I can hardly claim to exercise over my own daughter that authority which should belong to a parent."

"My dear, do not say that," exclaimed Mrs. Crawley.

"But I do say it. Within three weeks of this time I may be a prisoner, subject to the criminal laws of my country. At this moment I am without the power of earning bread for myself, or for my wife, or for my children. Major Grantly, you have even now seen the departure of the gentleman who has been sent here to take my place in this parish. I am, as it were, an outlaw here, and entitled neither to obedience nor respect from those who under other circumstances would be bound to give me both."

"Major Grantly," said the poor woman, "no husband or father in the county is more closely obeyed or more thoroughly respected and loved."

"I am sure of that," said the major. "All this, however, matters nothing," continued Mr. Crawley, "and all speech on such homely matters would amount to an impertinence before you, sir, were it not that you have hinted at a purpose of connecting yourself at some future time with this unfortunate family."

"I meant to be plain-spoken, Mr. Crawley."

"I did not mean to insinuate, sir, that there was aught of reticence in your words, so contrived that you might fall back upon the vagueness of your expression for protection, should you hereafter see fit to change your purpose. I should have wronged you much by such a suggestion. I rather was minded to make known to you that I—or, I should rather say, we," and Mr. Crawley pointed to his wife—"shall not accept your plainness of speech as betokening aught beyond a conceived idea in furtherance of which you have thought it expedient to make certain inquiries."

"I don't quite follow you," said the major. "But what I want you to do is to give me your consent to visit your daughter; and I want Mrs. Crawley to write to Grace and tell her that it's all right."

Mrs. Crawley was quite sure that it was all right, and was ready to sit down and write the letter that moment, if her husband would permit her to do so.

"I am sorry that I have not been explicit," said Mr. Crawley, "but I will endeavor to make myself more plainly intelligible. My daughter, sir, is so circumstanced in reference to her father, that I, as her father and as a gentleman, cannot encourage any man to make a tender to her of his hand."

"But I have made up my mind about all that," said the major. "And I, sir, have made up mine. I dare not tell my girl that I think she will do well to place her hand in yours. A lady, when she does that, should feel at least that her hand is clean."

"It is the cleanest and the sweetest and the fairest hand in Barsestshire," said the major.

Mrs. Crawley could not restrain herself, but running up to him, took his hand in hers and kissed it.

"There is unfortunately a stain, which is vicarious," began Mr. Crawley, sustaining up to that point his voice with Roman fortitude—with a fortitude which would have been Roman had it not at that moment broken down under the pressure of human feeling. He could keep it up no longer, but continued his speech with broken sobs and with a voice altogether changed in its tone—rapid now, whereas it had before been slow—natural, whereas it had hitherto been affected—human, whereas it had hitherto been Roman. "Major Grantly," he said, "I am sore beset; but what can I say to you? My darling is as pure as the light of day—only that she is soiled with my impurity. She is fit to grace the house of the best gentleman in England, had I not made her unfit."

"She shall grace mine," said the major. By—she shall!—to-morrow, if she'll have me."

Mrs. Crawley, who was standing beside him, again raised his hand and kissed it.

"It may not be so. As I began by saying, or rather strove to say, for I have been overtaken by weakness, and cannot speak my mind. I cannot claim authority over my child as would another man. How can I exercise authority from between a prison's bars?"

"She would obey your slightest wish," said Mrs. Crawley.

"I could express no wish," said he. "But I know my girl, and I am sure that she will not consent to take infamy with her into the house of the man who loves her."

"There will be no infamy," said the major. "Infamy! I tell you that I shall be proud of the connection."

"You, sir, are generous in your prosperity. We will strive to be at least just in our adversity. My wife and children are to be pitied—because of the husband and the father."

"No!" said Mrs. Crawley. "I will not hear that said without denying it."

"But they must take their lot as it has been given to them," continued he. "Such a position in life as that which you have proposed to bestow upon my child would be to her, as regards human affairs, great elevation. And from what I have heard—I may be permitted to add also from what I now learn by personal experience—such a marriage would be laden with fair promise of future happiness. But if you ask my mind, I think that my child is not free to make it. You, sir, have many relatives, who are not in love, as you are, all of whom would be affected by the stain of my disgrace. You have a daughter, to whom all your solicitude is due. No one should go to your house as your second wife who cannot feel that she will serve your child. My daughter would feel that she was bringing an injury upon the babe. I cannot bid her do this—and I will not. Nor do I believe that she would do this if I bade her."

Then he turned his chair round and sat with his face to the wall, wiping away the tears with a tattered handkerchief.

Mrs. Crawley led the major away to the further window, and there stood looking up into his face. It need hardly be said that they also were crying. Whose eyes could have been dry after such a scene—upon hearing such words?

"You had better go," said Mrs. Crawley. "I know him so well. You had better go."

"Mrs. Crawley," he said, whispering to her, "if I ever desert her, may all that I love desert me! But you will help me?"

"You would want no help, were it not for this trouble."

"But you will help me?"

Then she paused a moment.

"I can do nothing," she said, "but what he bids me."

"You will trust me, at any rate?" said the major.

"I do trust you," she replied.

Then he went without saying a word further to Mr. Crawley. As soon as he was gone the wife went over to her husband and put her arm gently round his neck as he was sitting. For a while the husband took no notice of his wife's caress, but sat motionless, with his face still turned to the wall. Then she spoke to him a word or two, telling him that their visitor was gone.

"My child!" he said. "My poor child! my darling! She has found grace in this man's sight; but even of that has her father robbed her! The Lord has visited upon the children the sins of the father, and will do so to the third and fourth generation."

### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE TRAGEDY IN HOOK COURT.

CONWAY DALRYMPLE had hurried out of the room in Mrs. Broughton's house in which he had been painting Jael and Sisera, thinking that it would be better to meet an angry and perhaps tipsy husband on the stairs, than it would be either to wait for him till he should make his way into his wife's room, or to hide away from him with the view of escaping altogether from so disagreeable an encounter. He had no fear of the man. He did not think that there would be any violence, nor, as regarded himself, did he much care if there was to be violence. But he felt that he was bound, as far as it might be possible, to screen the poor woman from the ill effects of her husband's temper and condition. He was, therefore, prepared to stop Broughton on the stairs, and to use some force in arresting him on his way should he find the man to be really intoxicated. But he had not descended above a stair or two before he was aware that the man below him, whose step had been heard in the hall, was not intoxicated, and that he was not Dobbs Broughton. It was Mr. Musselboro.

"It is you, is it?" said Conway. "I thought it was Broughton."

Then he looked into the man's face and saw that he was ashy pale. All that appearance of low-bred jauntiness which used to belong to him, seemed to have been washed out of him. His hair had forgotten to curl, his gloves had been thrown aside, and even his trinkets were out of sight.

"What has happened?" said Conway. "What is the matter? Something is wrong."

Then it occurred to him that Musselboro had been sent to the house to tell the wife of the husband's ruin.

"The servant told me that I should find you up-stairs," said Musselboro.

"Yes; I have been painting here. For some time past I have been doing a picture of Miss Van Siever. Mrs. Van Siever has been here to-day."

Conway thought that this information would produce some strong effect on Clara's proposed husband; but he did not seem to regard the matter of the picture nor the mention of Miss Van Siever's name.

"She knows nothing of it?" said he. "She doesn't know yet?"

"Know what?" asked Conway. "She knows that her husband has lost money."

"Dobbs has—destroyed himself."

"What!"

"Blew his brains out this morning just inside the entrance at Hook Court. The horror of drink was on him, and he stood just in the pathway and shot himself. Bangles was standing at the top of their vaults and saw him do it. I don't think Bangles will ever be a man again. O Lord! I shall never get over it myself. The body was there when I went in."

Then Musselboro sank back against the wall of the staircase, and stared at Dalrymple as though he still saw before him the terrible sight of which he had just spoken.

Dalrymple seated himself on the stairs and strove to bring his mind to bear on the tale which he had just heard. What was he to do, and how was that poor woman up-stairs to be informed?

"You came here intending to tell her?" he said, in a whisper.

He feared every moment that Mrs. Broughton would appear on the stairs, and learn from a word or two what had happened, without any hint to prepare her for the catastrophe.

"I thought you would be here. I knew you were doing the picture. He knew it. He'd had a letter to say so—one of those anonymous ones."

"But that didn't influence him?"

"I don't think it was that," said Musselboro. "He meant to have had it out with her; but it wasn't that as brought that about. Perhaps you didn't know that he was clean ruined?"

"She had told me."

"Then she knew it?"

"Oh, yes; she knew that. Mrs. Van Siever had told her. Poor creature! How are we to break this to her?"

"You and she are very thick," said Musselboro. "I suppose you'll do it best."

By this time they were in the drawing-room, and the door was closed. Dalrymple had put his hand on the other man's arm, and had led him down-stairs, out of reach of hearing from the room above.

"You'll tell her—won't you?" said Musselboro.

Then Dalrymple tried to think what loving female friend there was who could break the news to the unfortunate woman. He knew of the Van Sievers, and he knew of the Demolines, and he almost knew that there was no other woman within reach whom he was entitled to regard as closely connected with Mrs. Broughton. He was well aware that the anonymous letter of which Musselboro had just spoken, had come from Miss Demolines, and he could not go there for sympathy and assistance. Nor could he apply to Mrs. Van Siever after what had passed this morning. To Clara Van Siever he would have applied, but that it was impossible he should reach Clara except through her mother.

"I suppose I had better go to her," he said, after a while.

And then he went, leaving Musselboro in the drawing-room.

"I'm so bad with it," said Musselboro, "that I really don't know how I shall ever go up that court again."

Conway Dalrymple made his way up the stairs with very slow steps, and as he did so, he could not but think seriously of the nature of his friendship with this woman, and could not but condemn himself heartily for the folly and iniquity of his own conduct. Scores of times he had professed his love to her with half-expressed words, intended to mean nothing, as he said to himself when he tried to excuse himself, but enough to turn her head, even if they did not reach her heart. Now, this woman was a widow, and it came to be his duty to tell her that she was so. What if she should claim from him now the love which he had so often proffered to her? It was not that he feared that she would claim anything from him at this moment—neither now, nor to-morrow, nor the next day—but the agony of the present meeting would produce others in which there would be

some tenderness mixed with the agony; and so from one meeting to another the thing would progress. Dalrymple knew well enough how such things might progress. But in this danger before him, it was not of himself that he was thinking, but of her. How could he assist her at such a time, without doing her more injury than benefit? And if he did not assist her, who would do so? He knew her to be heartless; but even heartless people have hearts which can be touched and almost broken by certain sorrows. Her heart would not be broken by her husband's death, but it would become very sore if she were utterly neglected.

He was now at the door, with his hand on the lock, and was wondering why she should remain so long within without making herself heard. Then he opened it and found her seated in a lounging chair, with her back to the door, and he could see that she had a volume of a novel in her hand. He understood it all. She was pretending to be indifferent to her husband's return. He walked up to her, thinking that she would recognize his step; but she made no sign of turning toward him. He saw the motion of her hair over the back of the chair as she affected to make herself luxuriously comfortable. She was striving to let her husband see that she cared nothing for him, or for his condition, or for his jealousy—if he were jealous—or even for his ruin.

"Mrs. Broughton," he said, when he was close to her.

Then she jumped up quickly, and turned round facing him.

"Where is Dobbs?" she said. "Where is Broughton?"

"He is not here."

"He is in the house, for I heard him. Why have you come back?"

Dalrymple's eye fell on the tattered canvas, and he thought of the doings of the past month. He thought of the picture of three Graces, which was hanging in the room below, and he thoroughly wished that he had never been introduced to the Broughton establishment. How was he to get through his present difficulty?

"No," said he, "Broughton did not come. It was Mr. Musselboro whose steps you heard below."

"What is he here for? What is he doing here? Where is Dobbs? Conway, there is something the matter. He has gone off!"

"Yes—he has gone off."

"The coward!"

"No; he was not a coward—not in that way."

The use of the past tense, unintentional as it had been, told the story to the woman at once.

"He is dead," she said.

Then he took both her hands in his and looked into her face without speaking a word. And she gazed at him with fixed eyes, and rigid mouth, while the quick coming breath just moved the curl of her nostrils. It occurred to him at the moment that he had never before seen her so wholly unaffected, and had never before observed that she was so totally deficient in all the elements of real beauty. She was the first to speak again.

"Conway," she said, "tell me all. Why do you not speak to me?"

"There is nothing further to tell," said he.

Then she dropped his hands and walked away from him to the window, and stood there looking out upon the stuccoed turret of a large house that stood opposite. As she did so she was employing herself in counting the windows. Her mind was paralyzed by the blow, and she knew not how to make any exertion with it or any purpose. Everything was changed with her, and was changed in such a way that she could make no guess as to her future mode of life.

She was suddenly a widow, a pauper, and utterly desolate, while the only person in the whole world that she really liked was standing close to her. But in the midst of it all she counted the windows of the house opposite. Had it been possible for her she would have put her mind altogether to sleep.

He let her stand for a few minutes, and then joined her at the window.

"My friend," he said, "what shall I do for you?"

"Do?" she said. "What do you mean by—doing?"

"Come and sit down and let me talk to you," he replied.

Then he led her to the sofa, and as she seated herself I doubt whether she had not almost forgotten that her husband was dead.

"What a pity it was to cut it up," she said, pointing to the rags of Jael and Sisera.

"Never mind the picture now. Dreadful as it is, you must allow yourself to think of him for a few minutes."

"Think of what! O God! yes. Conway, you must tell me what to do. Was everything gone? It isn't about myself. I don't mind about myself. I wish it was me instead of him. I do. I do."

"No wishing is of any avail."

"But, Conway, how did it happen? Do you think it is true? That man would say anything to gain his object. Is he here now?"

"I believe he is here still."

"I won't see him. Remember that. Nothing on earth shall make me see him."

"It may be necessary, but I do not think it will be; at any rate not yet."

"I will never see him. I believe that he has murdered my husband. I do. I feel sure of it. Now I think of it I am quite sure of it. And he will murder you too—about that girl. He will. I tell you I know the man." Dalrymple simply shook his head, smiling sadly. "Very well! you will see. But, Conway, how do you know that it is true? Do you believe it yourself?"

"I do believe it."

"And how did it happen?"

"He could not bear the ruin that he had brought upon himself and you."

"Then; then—" She went no further in her speech; but Dalrymple assented by a slight motion of his head, and she had been informed sufficiently that her husband had perished by his own hand. "What am I to do?" she said. "Oh, Conway—you must tell me. Was there ever so miserable a woman! Was it—poison?"

He got up and walked quickly across the room and back again to the place where she was sitting.

"Never mind about that now. You shall know all that in time. Do not ask any questions about that. If I were you I think I would go to bed. You will be better there than up, and this shock will make you sleep."

"No," she said. "I will not go to bed. How should I know that that man would not come to me and kill me? I believe he murdered Dobbs—I do. You are not going to leave me, Conway?"

"I think I had better, for a while. There are things which should be done. Shall I send one of the women to you?"

"There is not one of them that cares for me in the least. Oh, Conway, do not go; not yet. I will not be left alone in the house with him. You



will be very cruel if you go and leave me now—when you have so often said that you—that you—that you were my friend." And now, at last, she began to weep.

"I think it will be best," he said, "that I should go to Mrs. Van Siever. If I can manage it I will get Clara to come to you."

"I do not want her," said Mrs. Broughton. "She is a heartless, cold creature, and I do not want to have her near me. My poor husband was ruined among them; yes, ruined among them. It has all been done that she may marry that horrid man and live here in this house. I have known ever so long that he has not been safe among them."

"You need fear nothing from Clara," said Dalrymple, with some touch of anger in his voice.

"Of course you will say so. I can understand that very well. And it is natural that you should wish to be with her. Pray go."

Then he sat beside her, and took her hand, and endeavored to speak to her so seriously, that she herself might become serious, and if it might be possible, in some degree contemplative. He told her how necessary it was that she should have some woman near her in her trouble, and explained to her that as far as he knew her female friends, there would be no one who would be so considerate with her as Clara Van Siever. She at one time mentioned the name of Miss Demolines; but Dalrymple altogether opposed the notion of sending for that lady—expressing his opinion that the amiable Madalina had done all in her power to create quarrels both between Mrs. Broughton and her husband and between Dobs Broughton and Mrs. Van Siever. And he spoke his opinion very fully about Miss Demolines.

"And yet you liked her once," said Mrs. Broughton.

"I never liked her," said Dalrymple, with energy. "But all that matters nothing now. Of course you can send for her if you please; but I do not think her trustworthy, and I will not willingly come in contact with her."

Then Mrs. Broughton gave him to understand that of course she must give way, but that in giving way she felt herself to be submitting to that ill usage which is the ordinary lot of women, and to which she, among women, had been specially subjected. She did not exactly say as much, fearing that if she did he would leave her altogether; but that was the gist of her plaints and wails, and final acquiescence.

"And you are going?" she said, catching hold of his arm.

"I will employ myself altogether and only about your affairs, till I see you again."

"But I want you to stay."

"It would be madness. Look here; lie down till Clara comes or till I return. Do not go beyond this room and your own. If she cannot come this evening I will return. Good-by, now. I will see the servants as I go out, and tell them what ought to be told."

"Oh, Conway," she said, clutching hold of him again, "I know that you despise me."

"I do not despise you, and I will be as good a friend to you as I can. God bless you."

Then he went, and as he descended the stairs he could not refrain from telling himself that he did in truth despise her.

His first object was to find Musselboro, and to dismiss that gentleman from the house. For though he himself did not attribute to Mrs. Van Siever's favorite any of those terrible crimes and potentialities for crime, with which Mrs. Dobs Broughton had invested him, still he thought it reasonable that the poor woman up-stairs should not be subjected to the necessity of either seeing him or hearing him. But Musselboro had gone, and Dalrymple could not learn from the head woman-servant whom he saw, whether before going he had told to any one in the house the tale of the catastrophe which had happened in the city. Servants are wonderful actors, looking often as though they knew nothing when they know everything—as though they understood nothing, when they understand all. Dalrymple made known all that was necessary, and the discreet upper servant listened to the tale with a proper amount of awe and horror and commiseration.

"Shot himself in the city—laws! You'll excuse me, sir, but we all know'd as master was coming to no good."

But she promised to do her best with her mistress—and kept her promise. It is seldom that servants are not good in such straits as that.

From Mrs. Broughton's house Dalrymple went directly to Mrs. Van Siever's, and learned that Musselboro had been there about half an hour before, and had then gone off in a cab with Mrs. Van Siever. It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, and no one in the house knew when Mrs. Van Siever would be back. Miss Van Siever was out, and had been out when Mr. Musselboro had called, but was expected in every minute. Conway therefore said that he would call again, and on returning found Clara alone. She had not then heard a word of the fate of Dobs Broughton. Of course she would go at once to Mrs. Broughton, and if necessary stay with her during the night. She wrote a line at once to her mother, saying where she was, and went across to Mrs. Broughton leaning on Dalrymple's arm.

"Be good to her," said Conway, as he left her at the door.

"I will," said Clara. "I will be as kind as my nature will allow me."

"And remember," said Conway, whispering into her ear as he pressed her hand at leaving her, "that you are all the world to me."

It was perhaps not a proper time for an expression of love, but Clara Van Siever forgave the impropriety.

#### CHAPTER LXV.—MISS VAN SIEVER MAKES HER CHOICE.

CLARA VAN SIEVER did say all that night with Mrs. Broughton. In the course of the evening she received a note from her mother, in which she was told to come home to breakfast. "You can go back to her afterward," said Mrs. Van Siever; "and I will see her myself in the course of the day, if she will let me."

The note was written on a scrap of paper, and had neither beginning nor end; but this was after the manner of Mrs. Van Siever, and Clara was not in the least hurt or surprised.

"My mother will come to see you after breakfast," said Clara, as she was taking her leave.

"Oh, goodness! And what shall I say to her?"

"You will have to say very little. She will speak to you."

"I suppose everything belongs to her now," said Mrs. Broughton.

"I know nothing about that. I never do know anything of mamma's money matters."

"Of course she'll turn me out. I do not mind a bit about that—only I hope she'll let me have some mourning."

Then she made Clara promise that she would return as soon as possible, having in Clara's presence overcome all that feeling of dislike which

she had expressed to Conway Dalrymple. Mrs. Broughton was generally affectionate to those who were near to her. Had Musselboro forced himself into her presence, she would have become quite confidential with him before he left her.

"Mr. Musselboro will be here directly," said Mrs. Van Siever, as she was starting for Mrs. Broughton's house. "You had better tell him to come to me there; or, stop—perhaps you had better keep him here till I come back. Tell him to be sure and wait for me."

"Very well, mamma. I suppose he can wait below?"

"Why should he wait below?" said Mrs. Van Siever, very angrily.

Clara had made the uncourteous proposition to her mother with the express intention of making it understood that she would have nothing to say to him.

"He can come up-stairs if he likes it," said Clara; "and I will go up to my room."

"If you fight shy of him, miss, you may remember this—that you will fight shy of me at the same time."

"I am sorry for that, mamma; for I shall certainly fight shy of Mr. Musselboro."

"You can do as you please: I can't force you, and I shan't try. But I can make your life a burden to you—and I will. What's the matter with the man that he isn't good enough for you? He's as good as any of your own people ever was. I hate your new-fangled airs, with pictures painted on the sly, and all the rest of it. I hate such ways. See what they have brought that wretched man to, and the poor fool his wife. If you go and marry that painter, some of these days you'll be very much like what she is. Only I doubt whether he has got courage enough to blow his brains out."

With these comfortable words the old woman took herself off, leaving Clara to entertain her lover as best she might choose.

Mr. Musselboro was not long in coming, and, in accordance with Mrs. Van Siever's implied directions to her daughter, was shown up into the drawing-room. Clara gave her mother's message in a very few words:

"I was expressly told, sir, to ask you to stop, if it is not inconvenient, as she very much wants to see you."

Mr. Musselboro declared that of course he would stop. He was only too happy to have an opportunity of remaining in such delightful society. As Clara answered nothing to this, he went on to say that he hoped that the melancholy occasion of Mrs. Van Siever's visit to Mrs. Broughton might make a long absence necessary—he did not, indeed, care how long it might be. He had recovered now from that paleness and that want of gloves and jewelry which had befallen him on the previous day, immediately after the sight he had seen in the city. Clara made no answer to the last speech, but, putting some things together in her work-basket, prepared to leave the room.

"I hope you are not going to leave me?" he said, in a voice that was intended to convey much of love and something of melancholy.

"I am so shocked by what has happened, Mr. Musselboro, that I am altogether unfit for conversation. I was with poor Mrs. Broughton last night, and I shall return to her when mamma comes home."

"It is sad, certainly; but what was there to be expected? If you'd only seen how he used to go on." To this Clara made no answer. "Don't go yet," said he; "there is something that I want to say to you—there is, indeed."

Clara Van Siever was a young woman whose presence of mind rarely deserted her. It occurred to her now that she must undergo on some occasion the nuisance of a direct offer from this man, and that she could have no better opportunity of answering him after her own fashion than the present. Her mother was absent, and the field was her own. And, moreover, it was a point in her favor that the tragedy which had so lately occurred, and to which she had just now alluded, would give her a fair excuse for additional severity. At such a moment no man could, she told herself, be justified in making an offer of his love, and therefore she might rebuke him with the less remorse. I wonder whether the last words which Conway Dalrymple had spoken to her stung her conscience as she thought of this? She had now reached the door, and was standing close to it. As Mr. Musselboro did not at once begin, she encouraged him:

"If you have anything special to tell me, of course I will hear you," she said.

"Miss Clara," he began, rising from his chair and coming into the middle of the room, "I think you know what my wishes are." Then he put his hand upon his heart. "And your respected mother is the same way of thinking. It's that that emboldens me to be so sudden. Not but what my heart has been yours, and yours only, all along, before the old lady so much as mentioned it."

Clara would give him no assistance, not even the aid of a negative, but stood there quite passive, with her hand on the door.

"Since I first had the pleasure of seeing you I have always said to myself, 'Augustus Musselboro, that is the woman for you, if you can only win her.' But, then, there was so much against me—wasn't there?"

She would not even take advantage of this by assuring him that there certainly always had been much against him, but allowed him to go on till he should run out all the length of his tether.

"I mean, of course, in the way of money," he continued. "I hadn't much that I could call my own when your respected mamma first allowed me to become acquainted with you. But it's different now; and I think I may say that I'm all right in that respect. Poor Broughton's going in this way will make it a deal smoother to me; and I may say that I and your mamma will be all in all to each other now about money."

Then he stopped.

"I don't quite understand what you mean by all this," said Clara.

"I mean that there isn't a more devoted fellow in all London than what I am to you." Then he was about to go down on one knee, but it occurred to him that it would not be convenient to kneel to a lady who would stand close to the door. "One and one, if they are put together well, will often make more than two, and so they shall with us," said Musselboro, who began to feel that it might be expedient to throw a little spirit into his words.

"If you have done," said Clara, "you may as well hear me for a minute. And I hope you will have sense to understand that I really mean what I say."

"I hope you will remember what are your mamma's wishes."

"Mamma's wishes have no influence whatsoever with me in such matters as this. Mamma's arrangements with you are for her own convenience, and I am not a party to them. I do not know anything about mamma's money, and I do not want to know. But under no possible circumstances will I consent to be your wife. Nothing

that mamma could say or do would induce me even to think of it. I hope you will be man enough to take this for an answer, and say nothing more about it."

"But, Miss Clara—"

"It's no good your Miss Claraing me, sir. What I have said you may be sure I mean. Good-morning, sir."

Then she opened the door and left him.

"By Jove, she is a Tartar!" said Musselboro to himself, when he was alone. They are both Tartars; but the younger is the worse."

Then he began to speculate whether Fortune was not doing the best for him in so arranging that he might have the use of the Tartar-mother's money without binding himself to endure for life the Tartar qualities of the daughter.

It had been understood that Clara was to wait at home till her mother should return, before she again went across to Mrs. Broughton. At about eleven Mrs. Van Siever came in, and her daughter intercepted her at the dining-room door before she had made her way up-stairs to Mr. Musselboro.

"How is she, mamma?" said Clara, with something of hypocrisy in her assumed interest for Mrs. Broughton.

"She is an idiot," said Mrs. Van Siever.

"She has had a terrible misfortune."

"That is no reason why she should be an idiot; and she is heartless, too. She never cared a bit for him—not a bit."

"He was a man whom it was impossible to care for much. I will go to her now, mamma."

"Where is Musselboro?"

"He is up-stairs."

"Well?"

"Mamma, that is quite out of the question—quite. I would not marry him to save myself from starving."

"You do not know what starving is yet, my dear. Tell me the truth at once. Are you engaged to that painter?"

Clara paused a moment before she answered, not hesitating as to the expediency of telling her mother any truth on the matter in question, but doubting what the truth might really be. Could she say that she was engaged to Mr. Dalrymple, or could she say that she was not?

"If you tell me a lie, miss, I'll have you put out of the house."

"I certainly shall not tell you a lie. Mr. Dalrymple has asked me to be his wife, and I have made him no answer. If he asks me again, I shall accept him."

"Then I order you not to leave this house," said Mrs. Van Siever.

"Surely I may go to Mrs. Broughton?"

"I order you not to leave this house," said Mrs. Van Siever again, and thereupon she stalked out of the dining-room and went up-stairs.

Clara had been standing with her bonnet on, ready dressed to go out, and the mother made no attempt to send the daughter up to her room. That she did not expect to be obeyed in her order may be inferred from the first words which she spoke to Mr. Musselboro.

"She has gone off to that man now. You are no good, Musselboro, at this kind of work."

"You see, Mrs. Van, he had the start of me so much. And then, being at the West End, and all that, gives a man such a standing with a girl!"

"Bother!" said Mrs. Van Siever, as her quick ear caught the sound of the closing hall-door. Clara had stood a minute or two to consider, and then had resolved that she would disobey her mother. She tried to excuse her own conduct to her own satisfaction as she went.

"There are some things," she said, "which even a daughter cannot hear from her mother. If she chooses to close the door against me, she must do so."

She found Mrs. Broughton still in bed, and could not but agree with her mother that the woman was both silly and heartless.

"Your mother says that everything must be sold up," said Mrs. Broughton.

"At any rate you would hardly choose to remain here," said Clara.

"But I hope she'll let me have my own things. A great many of them are altogether my own. I know there's a law that a woman may have her own things, even though her husband has—come what poor Dobs did. And I think she was hard upon me about the mourning. They never do mind giving credit for such things as that, and though there is a bill due to Mrs. Morrell now, she has had a deal of Dobs's money." Clara promised her that she should have mourning to her heart's content. "I will see to that myself," she said.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and the discreet head-servant beckoned Clara out of the room.

"You are not going away?" said Mrs. Broughton. Clara promised her that she would not go without coming back again. "He will be here soon, I suppose, and perhaps you had better see him; though, for the matter of that, perhaps you had better not, because he is so much out up about poor Dobs."

The servant had come up to tell Clara that the "he" in question was at the present moment waiting for her below stairs.

The first words which passed between Dalrymple and Clara had reference to the widow. He told her what he had learned in the city—that Broughton's property had never been great, and that his personal liabilities at the time of his death were supposed to be small. But he had fallen lately altogether into the hands of Musselboro, who, though penniless himself in the way of capital, was backed by the money of Mrs. Van Siever. There was no doubt that Broughton had destroyed himself in the manner told by Musselboro, but the opinion in the city was that he had done so rather through the effects of drink than because of his losses. As to the widow, Dalrymple thought that Mrs. Van Siever, or nominally, perhaps, Musselboro, might be induced to settle an annuity on her, if she would give up everything quietly. "I doubt whether your mother is not responsible for everything Broughton owed when he died—for everything, that is, in the way of business; and if so, Mrs. Broughton will certainly have a claim upon the estate." It occurred to Dalrymple once or twice that he was talking to Clara about Mrs. Van Siever as though he and Clara were more closely bound together than were Clara and her mother; but Clara seemed to take this in good part, and was as solicitous as was he himself in the matter of Mrs. Broughton's interest.

Then the discreet head-servant knocked and told them that Mrs. Broughton was very anxious to see Mr. Dalrymple, but that Miss Van Siever was on no account to go away. She was up, and in her dressing-gown, and had gone into the sitting-room. "I will come directly," said Dalrymple, and the discreet head-servant retired.

"Clara," said Conway, "I do not know when I may have another chance of asking for an answer to my question. You heard my question?"

"Yes, I heard it."

"And will you answer it?"

"If you wish it, I will."

"Of course I wish it. You understood what I said upon the doorstep yesterday?"

"I don't think much of that; men say those things so often. What you said before was serious, I suppose?"

"Serious! Heavens! do you think that I am joking?"

"Mamma wants me to marry Mr. Musselboro."

"He is a vulgar brute. It would be impossible."

"It is impossible; but mamma is very obstinate. I have no fortune of my own—not a shilling. She told me to-day that she would turn me into the street. She forbade me to come here, thinking I should meet you; but I came, because I had promised Mrs. Broughton. I am sure she will never give me one shilling."

Dalrymple paused for a moment. It was certainly true that he had regarded Clara Van Siever as an heiress, and had at first been attracted to her because he thought it expedient to marry an heiress. But there had since come something beyond that, and there was perhaps less of regret than most men would have felt as he gave up his golden hopes. He took her into his arms and kissed her, and called her his own. "Now we understand each other," he said.

"If you wish it to be so."

"Do you wish it?"

"And I shall tell my mother to-day that I am engaged to you, unless she refuses to see me. Go to Mrs. Broughton now. I feel that we are almost cruel to be thinking of ourselves in this house at such a time."

Upon this Dalrymple went, and Clara Van Siever was left to her reflections. She had never before had a lover. She had never had even a friend whom she loved and trusted. Her life had been passed at school till she was nearly twenty, and since then she had been vainly endeavoring to accommodate herself and her feelings to her mother. Now she was about to throw herself into the absolute power of a man who was nearly a stranger to her! But she did love him, as she had never loved any one else; and then, on the other side, there was Mr. Musselboro.

Dalrymple was up-stairs for an hour, and Clara did not see him again before he left the house. It was clear to her, from Mrs. Broughton's first words, that Conway had told her what had passed.

"Of course I shall never see anything more of either of you now," said Mrs. Broughton.

"I should say that probably you will see a great deal of us both."

"There are some people," said Mrs. Broughton, "who can do well for their friends, but can never do well for themselves. I am one of them. I saw at once how great a thing it would be for both of you to bring you two together—especially for you, Clara; and therefore I did it. I may say that I never had it out of my mind for months past. Poor Dobs misunderstood what I was doing. God knows how far that may have brought about what has happened."

"Oh, Mrs. Broughton!"

"Of course he could not be blind to one thing, nor was I. I mention it now because it is right, but I shall never, never allude to it again. Of course he saw, and I saw, that Conway—was attached to me. Poor Conway meant no harm. I was aware of that. But there was the terrible fact. I knew at once that the only cure for him was a marriage with some girl that he could respect. Admiring you as I do, I immediately resolved on bringing you two together. My dear, I have been successful, and I heartily trust that you may be happier than Maria Broughton."

Miss Van Siever knew the woman, understood all the facts, and pitying the condition of the wretched creature, bore all this without a word of rebuke. She scorned to put out her strength against one who was in truth so weak.

#### How a Mother Found her Lost Children.

SINCE the Indian troubles commenced, an Indian camp was captured, together with a number of prisoners, including squaws, and some half a dozen white captives—boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age. Word was sent throughout the country inviting those who had lost children to come to the camp and identify, if possible, their children. Numbers went to the camp, and of course many returned with heavy hearts at being unable to find their lost ones. Among the number was a mother who lost two children—a boy and a girl—one three, the other five, years ago. Efforts were made to persuade her not to go, as it was certain she could not identify her children, even if they stood before her. But she could not rest, she must go, and go she did. On arriving at the encampment, she found the captives ranged in a line for inspection. She looked at them first from a distance. But she did not see her children—at least she saw nothing in the group that bore the slightest resemblance to her baby boy and girl as they looked when playing about her door-step. She drew nearer and looked long and steadily at them, as her heart began to sink and grow heavy in her bosom. At last, with tears and sobs, she withdrew, and when some paces off she stopped and turned about quickly, as apparently a thought had occurred to her. Drying her eyes, she broke forth in a sweet hymn she had been wont to sing to the children as a lullaby. Scarce a line had been uttered, when two of the captives—a boy and girl—rushed from the line, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" The mother went home, perfectly satisfied she had found her long-lost children.

#### Artesian Well on O'Fallen Street, St. Louis.

Our illustration represents the pipe which discharges from the artesian well sunk in the premises of Belcher Brothers in St. Louis. In 1849 these gentlemen commenced boring to obtain pure water, which they needed for their sugar refinery. After five years spent in labor, and after having reached a depth of 2,199 feet they struck this spring, which discharges 300 pints a minute. The water contains sulphur, has a salt taste, and smells of sulphureted hydrogen. It is however a favorite beverage with the people in the vicinity, and our illustration shows a group of them, either drinking it on the spot or carrying it away in various utensils for home consumption.

#### Novaculite Quarries, Arkansas.

THE hot spring region of Arkansas is surrounded by the best known novaculite or whetstone quarries in the world. They supply England, France, and other portions of Europe, besides America, with the finest whetstones, for either oil or water, that can be found. All varieties—the purest white, the variegated white and red, blue, chocolate-colored, gray, brown and black, are found here; and all qualities, from the finest used for surgical instruments and the sharpest edged tools, to the coarse qualities fit for the roughest work. The strata are so twisted that few large blocks can be taken from the quarries. The height of the ledge is about 500 feet above the road leading from Hot Springs to Chalybeate Springs.



## OCTOBER.

The climax of the year's revealed,  
The fruitful earth has done her duty;  
Young Summer's fled the ripened field,  
Mature Autumn reigns in beauty,  
All Nature's with fruition clad,  
By lake and rill,  
By vale and hill,  
Life in its legion forms is glad.

The sun beams down with tempered ray  
On fields shorn of the harvest's glory.  
The farmer in the shortening day  
Relieves his toil with song and story.  
His waving poplars with plenty crowned  
Makes him rejoice;  
His cheerful voice  
In echoes through our hearts resound.

The languid pulses throb with life,  
The balmy air is full of vigor,  
And men rush forth to business-strife  
Who wiled in the summer's rigor.  
And languid Commerce lives again;  
The marts of trade  
Are prosperous made,  
And crowded through the farmer's wain.

And Beauty in the nerving air  
Our streets and walks is now adorning,  
In flowing garments far more fair  
Than flowers of the past summer's morning;  
Her eye the gleam of health revealing,  
As on her cheek  
The blushes speak  
Of hidden depths of thought and feeling.

In hall and home sweet song resounds,  
The mimic stage its mirth dispenses.  
Warm Cordiality abounds,  
And all the joys of life enhances;  
The anxious are assured of bread—  
No empty barns,  
No famine warns,  
No fear the poor will not be fed.

Fill high the bowl with sacred wine,  
The God of Heaven has plenty sent us;  
Let all men quaff the draught divine,  
And joy while sorrows don't prevent us.  
Our hearts now loathe the thoughts dull or sober;  
In song and dance  
Let swift hours prance  
And celebrate a glad October.

## THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XLIII.—CONTINUED.

AFTER that there was silence among them, and for a while it seemed as though there could be no approach to the subject on which Granly had come thither to express himself. Mrs. Crawley, in her despair, said something about the weather; and the major, trying to draw near the special subject, became bold enough to remark "that he had had the pleasure of seeing Miss Crawley at Framley."

"Mrs. Roberts has been very kind," said Mrs. Crawley, "very kind indeed. You can understand, Major Granly, that this must be a very sad house for any young person."

"I don't think it is at all sad," said Jane, still standing in the corner by the upright desk. Then Major Granly rose from his seat and walked across to the girl and took her hand.

"You are so like your sister," said he. "Your sister is a great friend of mine. She has often spoken to me of you. I hope we shall be friends some day."

But Jane could make no answer to this, though she had been able to vindicate the general character of the house while she was left in her corner by herself.

"I wonder whether you would be angry with me," continued the major, "if I told you that I wanted to speak a word to your father and mother alone?"

To this Jane made no reply, but was out of the room almost before the words had reached the ears of her father and mother. Though she was only sixteen, and had as yet read nothing but Latin and Greek—unless we are to count the twelve books of Euclid and Wood's Algebra, and sundry smaller exercises of the same description—she understood, as well as any one then present, the reason why her absence was required.

As she closed the door the major paused for a moment, expecting, or perhaps hoping, that the father or the mother would say a word. But neither of them had a word to say. They sat silent, and as though conscience-stricken. Here was a rich man come, of whom they had heard that he might probably wish to wed their daughter. It was manifest enough to both of them that no man could marry into their family without subjecting himself to a heavy portion of that reproach and disgrace which was attached to them. But how was it possible that they should not care more for their daughter—for their own flesh and blood, than for the incidental welfare of this rich man? As regarded the man himself, they had heard everything that was good. Such a marriage was like the opening of paradise to their child.

"Nil conscire sibi," said the father to himself, as he buckled on his armor for the fight. When he had waited for a moment or two the major began:

"Mrs. Crawley," he said, addressing himself to the mother, "I do not quite know how far you may be aware that I—that I have for some time been—been acquainted with your eldest daughter."

"I have heard from her that she is acquainted with you," said Mrs. Crawley, almost panting with anxiety.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it at once," said the major, smiling, "and say outright that I have come here to request your permission and her father's to ask her to be my wife." Then he was silent, and for a few moments neither Mr. nor Mrs. Crawley replied to him. She looked at her husband, and he gazed at the fire, and the smile died away from the major's face, as he watched the solemnity of them both. There was something almost forbidding in the peculiar gravity of Mr. Crawley's countenance, when, as at present, something operated within him to cause him to express dissent from any proposition that was made to him. "I do not know how far this

may be altogether new to you, Mrs. Crawley," said the major, waiting for a reply.

"It is not new to us," said Mrs. Crawley. "May I hope, then, that you will not disapprove?"

"Sir," said Mr. Crawley, "I am so placed by the untoward circumstances of my life that I can hardly claim to exercise over my own daughter that authority which should belong to a parent."

"My dear, do not say that," exclaimed Mrs. Crawley.

"But I do say it. Within three weeks of this time I may be a prisoner, subject to the criminal laws of my country. At this moment I am without the power of earning bread for myself, or for my wife, or for my children. Major Granly, you have even now seen the departure of the gentleman who has been sent here to take my place in this parish. I am, as it were, an outlaw here, and entitled neither to obedience nor respect from those who under other circumstances would be bound to give me both."

"Major Granly," said the poor woman, "no husband or father in the county is more closely obeyed or more thoroughly respected and loved."

"I am sure of that," said the major. "All this, however, matters nothing," continued Mr. Crawley, "and all speech on such homely matters would amount to an impertinence before you, sir, were it not that you have hinted at a purpose of connecting yourself at some future time with this unfortunate family."

"I meant to be plain-spoken, Mr. Crawley."

"I did not mean to insinuate, sir, that there was aught of reticence in your words, so contrived that you might fall back upon the vagueness of your expression for protection, should you hereafter see fit to change your purpose. I should have wronged you much by such a suggestion. I rather was minded to make known to you that I—or, I should rather say, we," and Mr. Crawley pointed to his wife—"shall not accept your plainness of speech as betokening aught beyond a conceived idea in furtherance of which you have thought it expedient to make certain inquiries."

"I don't quite follow you," said the major. "But what I want you to do is to give me your consent to visit your daughter; and I want Mrs. Crawley to write to Grace and tell her that it's all right."

Mrs. Crawley was quite sure that it was all right, and was ready to sit down and write the letter that moment, if her husband would permit her to do so.

"I am sorry that I have not been explicit," said Mr. Crawley, "but I will endeavor to make myself more plainly intelligible. My daughter, sir, is so circumstanced in reference to her father, that I, as her father and as a gentleman, cannot encourage any man to make a tender to her of his hand."

"But I have made up my mind about all that," said the major. "And I, sir, have made up mine. I dare not tell my girl that I think she will do well to place her hand in yours. A lady, when she does that, should feel at least that her hand is clean."

"It is the cleanest and the sweetest and the fairest hand in Barsestshire," said the major.

Mrs. Crawley could not restrain herself, but running up to him, took his hand in hers and kissed it.

"There is unfortunately a stain, which is vicarious," began Mr. Crawley, sustaining up to that point his voice with Roman fortitude—with a fortitude which would have been Roman had it not at that moment broken down under the pressure of human feeling. He could keep it up no longer, but continued his speech with broken sobs and with a voice altogether changed in its tone—rapid now, whereas it had before been slow—natural, whereas it had hitherto been affected—human, whereas it had hitherto been Roman. "Major Granly," he said, "I am sore beset; but what can I say to you? My darling is as pure as the light of day—only that she is soiled with my impurity. She is fit to grace the house of the best gentleman in England, had I not made her unfit."

"She shall grace mine," said the major. By—she shall!—to-morrow, if she'll have me."

Mrs. Crawley, who was standing beside him, again raised his hand and kissed it.

"It may not be so. As I began by saying, or rather strove to say, for I have been overtaken by weakness, and cannot speak my mind. I cannot claim authority over my child as would another man. How can I exercise authority from between a prison's bars?"

"She would obey your slightest wish," said Mrs. Crawley.

"I could express no wish," said he. "But I know my girl, and I am sure that she will not consent to take infamy with her into the house of the man who loves her."

"There will be no infamy," said the major. "Infamy! I tell you that I shall be proud of the connection."

"You, sir, are generous in your prosperity. We will strive to be at least just in our adversity. My wife and children are to be pitied—because of the husband and the father."

"No!" said Mrs. Crawley. "I will not hear that said without denying it."

"But they must take their lot as it has been given to them," continued he. "Such a position in life as that which you have proposed to bestow upon my child would be to her, as regards human affairs, great elevation. And from what I have heard—I may be permitted to add also from what I now learn by personal experience—such a marriage would be laden with fair promise of future happiness. But if you ask my mind, I think that my child is not free to make it. You, sir, have many relatives, who are not in love, as you are, all of whom would be affected by the stain of my disgrace. You have a daughter, to whom all your solicitude is due. No one should go to your house as your second wife who cannot feel that she will serve your child. My daughter would feel that she was bringing an injury upon the babe. I cannot bid her do this—and I will not. Nor do I believe that she would do this if I bade her."

Then he turned his chair round and sat with his face to the wall, wiping away the tears with a tattered handkerchief.

Mrs. Crawley led the major away to the further window, and there stood looking up into his face. It need hardly be said that they also were crying. Whose eyes could have been dry after such a scene—upon hearing such words?

"You had better go," said Mrs. Crawley. "I know him so well. You had better go."

"Mrs. Crawley," he said, whispering to her, "if I ever desert her, may all that I love desert me! But you will help me?"

"You would want no help, were it not for this trouble."

"But you will help me?"

Then she paused a moment.

"I can do nothing," she said, "but what he bids me."

"You will trust me, at any rate?" said the major.

"I do trust you," she replied.

Then he went without saying a word further to Mr. Crawley. As soon as he was gone the wife went over to her husband and put her arm gently round his neck as he was sitting. For a while the husband took no notice of his wife's caress, but sat motionless, with his face still turned to the wall. Then she spoke to him a word or two, telling him that their visitor was gone.

"My child!" he said. "My poor child! my darling! She has found grace in this man's sight; but even of that has her father robbed her! The Lord has visited upon the children the sins of the father, and will do so to the third and fourth generation."

### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE TRAGEDY IN HOOK COURT.

CONWAY DALRYMPLE had hurried out of the room in Mrs. Broughton's house in which he had been painting Jael and Sisera, thinking that it would be better to meet an angry and perhaps tipsy husband on the stairs, than it would be either to wait for him till he should make his way into his wife's room, or to hide away from him with the view of escaping altogether from so disagreeable an encounter. He had no fear of the man. He did not think that there would be any violence, nor, as regarded himself, did he much care if there was to be violence. But he felt that he was bound, as far as it might be possible, to screen the poor woman from the ill effects of her husband's temper and condition. He was, therefore, prepared to stop Broughton on the stairs, and to use some force in arresting him on his way should he find the man to be really intoxicated. But he had not descended above a stair or two before he was aware that the man below him, whose step had been heard in the hall, was not intoxicated, and that he was not Dobbs Broughton. It was Mr. Musselboro.

"It is you, is it?" said Conway. "I thought it was Broughton."

Then he looked into the man's face and saw that he was ashy pale. All that appearance of low-bred jauntiness which used to belong to him, seemed to have been washed out of him. His hair had forgotten to curl, his gloves had been thrown aside, and even his trinkets were out of sight.

"What has happened?" said Conway. "What is the matter? Something is wrong."

Then it occurred to him that Musselboro had been sent to the house to tell the wife of the husband's ruin.

"The servant told me that I should find you up-stairs," said Musselboro.

"Yes; I have been painting here. For some time past I have been doing a picture of Miss Van Siever. Mrs. Van Siever has been here to-day."

Conway thought that this information would produce some strong effect on Clara's proposed husband; but he did not seem to regard the matter of the picture nor the mention of Miss Van Siever's name.

"She knows nothing of it?" said he. "She doesn't know yet?"

"Know what?" asked Conway. "She knows that her husband has lost money."

"Dobbs has—destroyed himself."

"What!"

"Blew his brains out this morning just inside the entrance at Hook Court. The horror of drink was on him, and he stood just in the pathway and shot himself. Bangles was standing at the top of their vaults and saw him do it. I don't think Bangles will ever be a man again. O Lord! I shall never get over it myself. The body was there when I went in."

Then Musselboro sank back against the wall of the staircase, and stared at Dalrymple as though he still saw before him the terrible sight of which he had just spoken.

Dalrymple seated himself on the stairs and strove to bring his mind to bear on the tale which he had just heard. What was he to do, and how was that poor woman up-stairs to be informed?

"You came here intending to tell her?" he said, in a whisper.

He feared every moment that Mrs. Broughton would appear on the stairs, and learn from a word or two what had happened, without any hint to prepare her for the catastrophe.

"I thought you would be here. I knew you were doing the picture. He knew it. He'd had a letter to say so—one of those anonymous ones."

"But that didn't influence him?"

"I don't think it was that," said Musselboro. "He meant to have had it out with her; but it wasn't that as brought that about. Perhaps you didn't know that he was clean ruined?"

"She had told me."

"Then she knew it?"

"Oh, yes; she knew that. Mrs. Van Siever had told her. Poor creature! How are we to break this to her?"

"You and she are very thick," said Musselboro. "I suppose you'll do it best."

By this time they were in the drawing-room, and the door was closed. Dalrymple had put his hand on the other man's arm, and had led him down-stairs, out of reach of hearing from the room above.

"You'll tell her—won't you?" said Musselboro.

Then Dalrymple tried to think what loving female friend there was who could break the news to the unfortunate woman. He knew of the Van Sievers, and he knew of the Demolines, and he almost knew that there was no other woman within reach whom he was entitled to regard as closely connected with Mrs. Broughton. He was well aware that the anonymous letter of which Musselboro had just spoken, had come from Miss Demolines, and he could not go there for sympathy and assistance. Nor could he apply to Mrs. Van Siever after what had passed this morning. To Clara Van Siever he would have applied, but that it was impossible he should reach Clara except through her mother.

"I suppose I had better go to her," he said, after a while.

And then he went, leaving Musselboro in the drawing-room.

"I'm so bad with it," said Musselboro, "that I really don't know how I shall ever go up that court again."

Conway Dalrymple made his way up the stairs with very slow steps, and as he did so, he could not but think seriously of the nature of his friendship with this woman, and could not but condemn himself heartily for the folly and iniquity of his own conduct. Scores of times he had professed his love to her with half-expressed words, intended to mean nothing, as he said to himself when he tried to excuse himself, but enough to turn her head, even if they did not reach her heart. Now, this woman was a widow, and it came to be his duty to tell her that she was so. What if she should claim from him now the love which he had so often proffered to her? It was not that he feared that she would claim anything from him at this moment—neither now, nor to-morrow, nor the next day—but the agony of the present meeting would produce others in which there would be

some tenderness mixed with the agony; and so from one meeting to another the thing would progress. Dalrymple knew well enough how such things might progress. But in this danger before him, it was not of himself that he was thinking, but of her. How could he assist her at such a time, without doing her more injury than benefit? And if he did not assist her, who would do so? He knew her to be heartless; but even heartless people have hearts which can be touched and almost broken by certain sorrows. Her heart would not be broken by her husband's death, but it would become very sore if she were utterly neglected.

He was now at the door, with his hand on the lock, and was wondering why she should remain so long within without making herself heard. Then he opened it and found her seated in a lounging chair, with her back to the door, and he could see that she had a volume of a novel in her hand. He understood it all. She was pretending to be indifferent to her husband's return. He walked up to her, thinking that she would recognize his step; but she made no sign of turning toward him. He saw the motion of her hair over the back of the chair as she affected to make herself luxuriously comfortable. She was striving to let her husband see that she cared nothing for him, or for his condition, or for his jealousy—if he were jealous—or even for his ruin.

"Mrs. Broughton," he said, when he was close to her.

Then she jumped up quickly, and turned round facing him.

"Where is Dobbs?" she said. "Where is Broughton?"

"He is not here."

"He is in the house, for I heard him. Why have you come back?"

Dalrymple's eye fell on the tattered canvas, and he thought of the doings of the past month. He thought of the picture of three Graces, which was hanging in the room below, and he thoroughly wished that he had never been introduced to the Broughton establishment. How was he to get through his present difficulty?

"No," said he, "Broughton did not come. It was Mr. Musselboro whose steps you heard below."

"What is he here for? What is he doing here? Where is Dobbs? Conway, there is something the matter. He has gone off!"

"Yes—he has gone off."

"The coward!"

"No; he was not a coward—not in that way."

The use of the past tense, unintentional as it had been, told the story to the woman at once.

"He is dead," she said.

Then she took both her hands in his and looked into her face without speaking a word. And she gazed at him with fixed eyes, and rigid mouth, while the quick coming breath just moved the curl of her nostrils. It occurred to him at the moment that he had never before seen her so wholly unaffected, and had never before observed that she was so totally deficient in all the elements of real beauty. She was the first to speak again.

"Conway," she said, "tell me all. Why do you not speak to me?"

"There is nothing further to tell," said he.

Then she dropped his hands and walked away from him to the window, and stood there looking out upon the stuccoed turret of a huge house that stood opposite. As she did so she was employing herself in counting the windows. Her mind was paralyzed by the blow, and she knew not how to make any exertion with it for any purpose. Everything was changed with her, and was changed in such a way that she could make no guess as to her future mode of life.

She was suddenly a widow, a pauper, and utterly desolate, while the only person in the whole world that she really liked was standing close to her. But in the midst of it all she counted the windows of the house opposite. Had it been possible for her she would have put her mind altogether to sleep.

He let her stand for a few minutes, and then joined her at the window.

"My friend," he said, "what shall I do for you?"

"Do?" she said. "What do you mean by—doing?"

"Come and sit down and let me talk to you," he replied.

Then he led her to the sofa, and as she seated herself I doubt whether she had not almost forgotten that her husband was dead.

"What a pity it was to cut it up," she said, pointing to the rags of Jael and Sisera.

"Never mind the picture now. Dreadful as it is, you must allow yourself to think of him for a few minutes."

"Think of what! O God! yes. Conway, you must tell me what to do. Was everything gone? It isn't about myself. I don't mind about myself. I wish it was me instead of him. I do. I do."

"No wishing is of any avail."

"But, Conway, how did it happen? Do you think it is true? That man would say anything to gain his object. Is he here now?"

"I believe he is here still."

"I won't see him. Remember that. Nothing on earth shall make me see him."

"It may be necessary, but I do not think it will be; at any rate not yet."

"I will never see him. I believe that he has murdered my husband. I do. I feel sure of it. Now I think of it I am quite sure of it. And he will murder you too—about that girl. He will. I tell you I know the man." Dalrymple simply shook his head, smiling sadly. "Very well! you will see. But, Conway, how do you know that it is true? Do you believe it yourself?"

"I do believe it."

"And how did it happen?"

"He could not bear the ruin that he had brought upon himself and you."

"Then; then—" She went no further in her speech; but Dalrymple assented by a slight motion of his head, and she had been informed sufficiently that her husband had perished by his own hand. "What am I to do?" she said. "Oh, Conway—you must tell me. Was there ever so miserable a woman! Was it—poison?"

He got up and walked quickly across the room and back again to the place where she was sitting.

"Never mind about that now. You shall know all that in time. Do not ask any questions about that. If I were you I think I would go to bed. You will be better there than up, and this shock will make you sleep."

"No," she said. "I will not go to bed. How should I know that that man would not come to me and kill me? I believe he murdered Dobbs—I do. You are not going to leave me, Conway?"

"I think I had better, for a while. There are things which should be done. Shall I send one of the women to you?"

"There is not one of them that cares for me in the least. Oh, Conway, do not go; not yet. I will not be left alone in the house with him. You



will be very cruel if you go and leave me now—when you have so often said that you—that you—that you were my friend." And now, at last, she began to weep.

"I think it will be best," he said, "that I should go to Mrs. Van Siever. If I can manage it I will get Clara to come to you."

"I do not want her," said Mrs. Broughton. "She is a heartless, cold creature, and I do not want to have her near me. My poor husband was ruined among them; yes, ruined among them. It has all been done that she may marry that horrid man and live here in this house. I have known ever so long that he has not been safe among them."

"You need fear nothing from Clara," said Dalrymple, with some touch of anger in his voice. "Of course you will say so. I can understand that very well. And it is natural that you should wish to be with her. Pray go."

Then he sat beside her, and took her hand, and endeavored to speak to her so seriously, that she herself might become serious, and if it might be possible, in some degree contemplative. He told her how necessary it was that she should have some woman near her in her trouble, and explained to her that as far as he knew her female friends, there would be no one who would be so considerate with her as Clara Van Siever. She at one time mentioned the name of Miss Demolines; but Dalrymple altogether opposed the notion of sending for that lady—expressing his opinion that the amiable Madalina had done all in her power to create quarrels both between Mrs. Broughton and her husband and between Dobbs Broughton and Mrs. Van Siever. And he spoke his opinion very fully about Miss Demolines.

"And yet you liked her once," said Mrs. Broughton.

"I never liked her," said Dalrymple, with energy. "But all that matters nothing now. Of course you can send for her if you please; but I do not think her trustworthy, and I will not willingly come in contact with her."

Then Mrs. Broughton gave him to understand that of course she must give way, but that in giving way she felt herself to be submitting to that ill usage which is the ordinary lot of women, and to which she, among women, had been specially subjected. She did not exactly say as much, fearing that if she did she would leave her altogether; but that was the gist of her plaints and wails, and final acquiescence.

"And you are going?" she said, catching hold of his arm.

"I will employ myself altogether and only about your affairs, till I see you again."

"But I want you to stay."

"It would be madness. Look here; lie down till Clara comes or till I return. Do not go beyond this room and your own. If she cannot come this evening I will return. Good-by, now. I will see the servants as I go out, and tell them what ought to be told."

"Oh, Conway," she said, clutching hold of him again. "I know that you despise me."

"I do not despise you, and I will be as good a friend to you as I can. God bless you."

Then he went, and as he descended the stairs he could not refrain from telling himself that he did in truth despise her.

His first object was to find Musselboro, and to dismiss that gentleman from the house. For though he himself did not attribute to Mrs. Van Siever's favorite any of those terrible crimes and potentialities for crime, with which Mrs. Dobbs Broughton had invested him, still he thought it reasonable that the poor woman up-stairs should not be subjected to the necessity of either seeing him or hearing him. But Musselboro had gone, and Dalrymple could not learn from the head woman-servant whom he saw, whether before going he had told to any one in the house the tale of the catastrophe which had happened in the city. Servants are wonderful actors, looking often as though they knew nothing when they know everything—as though they understood nothing, when they understand all. Dalrymple made known all that was necessary, and the discreet upper servant listened to the tale with a proper amount of awe and horror and commiseration.

"Shot himself in the city—laws! You'll excuse me, sir, but we all know'd as master was coming to no good."

But she promised to do her best with her mistress—and kept her promise. It is seldom that servants are not good in such straits as that.

From Mrs. Broughton's house Dalrymple went directly to Mrs. Van Siever's, and learned that Musselboro had been there about half an hour before, and had then gone off in a cab with Mrs. Van Siever. It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, and no one in the house knew when Mrs. Van Siever would be back. Miss Van Siever was out, and had been out when Mr. Musselboro had called, but was expected in every minute. Conway therefore said that he would call again, and on returning found Clara alone. She had not then heard a word of the fate of Dobbs Broughton. Of course she would go at once to Mrs. Broughton, and if necessary stay with her during the night. She wrote a line at once to her mother, saying where she was, and went across to Mrs. Broughton leaning on Dalrymple's arm.

"Be good to her," said Conway, as he left her at the door.

"I will," said Clara. "I will be as kind as my nature will allow me."

"And remember," said Conway, whispering into her ear as he pressed her hand at leaving her, "that you are all the world to me."

It was perhaps not a proper time for an expression of love, but Clara Van Siever forgave the impropriety.

#### CHAPTER LXV.—MISS VAN SIEVER MAKES HER CHOICE.

CLARA VAN SIEVER did stay all that night with Mrs. Broughton. In the course of the evening she received a note from her mother, in which she was told to come home to breakfast. "You can go back to her afterward," said Mrs. Van Siever; "and I will see her myself in the course of the day, if she will let me."

The note was written on a scrap of paper, and had neither beginning nor end; but this was after the manner of Mrs. Van Siever, and Clara was not in the least hurt or surprised.

"My mother will come to see you after breakfast," said Clara, as she was taking her leave.

"Oh, goodness! And what shall I say to her?" "You will have to say very little. She will speak to you."

"I suppose everything belongs to her now," said Mrs. Broughton.

"I know nothing about that. I never do know anything of mamma's money matters."

"Of course she'll turn me out. I do not mind a bit about that—only I hope she'll let me have some mourning."

Then she made Clara promise that she would return as soon as possible, having in Clara's presence overcome all that feeling of dislike which

she had expressed to Conway Dalrymple. Mrs. Broughton was generally affectionate to those who were near to her. Had Musselboro forced himself into her presence, she would have become quite confidential with him before he left her.

"Mr. Musselboro will be here directly," said Mrs. Van Siever, as she was starting for Mrs. Broughton's house. "You had better tell him to come to me there; or, stop—perhaps you had better keep him here till I come back. Tell him to be sure and wait for me."

"Very well, mamma. I suppose he can wait below?"

"Why should he wait below?" said Mrs. Van Siever, very angrily.

Clara had made the unceremonious proposition to her mother with the express intention of making it understood that she would have nothing to say to him.

"He can come up-stairs if he likes it," said Clara; "and I will go up to my room."

"If you fight shy of him, miss, you may remember this—that you will fight shy of me at the same time."

"I am sorry for that, mamma; for I shall certainly fight shy of Mr. Musselboro."

"You can do as you please: I can't force you, and I shan't try. But I can make your life a burden to you—and I will. What's the matter with the man that he isn't good enough for you? He's as good as any of your own people ever was. I hate your new-fangled airs, with pictures painted on the sly, and all the rest of it. I hate such ways. See what they have brought that wretched man to, and the poor fool his wife. If you go and marry that painter, some of these days you'll be very much like what she is. Only I doubt whether he has got courage enough to blow his brains out."

With these comfortable words the old woman took herself off, leaving Clara to entertain her lover as best she might choose.

Mr. Musselboro was not long in coming, and, in accordance with Mrs. Van Siever's implied directions to her daughter, was shown up into the drawing-room. Clara gave her mother's message in a very few words:

"I was expressly told, sir, to ask you to stop, if it is not inconvenient, as she very much wants to see you."

Mr. Musselboro declared that of course he would stop. He was only too happy to have an opportunity of remaining in such delightful society. As Clara answered nothing to this, he went on to say that he hoped that the melancholy occasion of Mrs. Van Siever's visit to Mrs. Broughton might make a long absence necessary—he did not, indeed, care how long it might be. He had recovered now from that paleness and that want of gloves and jewelry which had befallen him on the previous day, immediately after the sight he had seen in the city. Clara made no answer to the last speech, but, putting some things together in her work-basket, prepared to leave the room.

"I hope you are not going to leave me?" he said, in a voice that was intended to convey much of love and something of melancholy.

"I am so shocked by what has happened, Mr. Musselboro, that I am altogether unfit for conversation. I was with poor Mrs. Broughton last night, and I shall return to her when mamma comes home."

"It is sad, certainly; but what was there to be expected? If you'd only seen how he used to go on." To this Clara made no answer. "Don't go yet," said he; "there is something that I want to say to you—there is, indeed."

Clara Van Siever was a young woman whose presence of mind rarely deserted her. It occurred to her now that she must undergo on some occasion the nuisance of a direct offer from this man, and that she could have no better opportunity of answering him after her own fashion than the present. Her mother was absent, and the field was her own. And, moreover, it was a point in her favor that the tragedy which had so lately occurred, and to which she had just now alluded, would give her a fair excuse for additional severity. At such a moment no man could, she told herself, be justified in making an offer of his love, and therefore she might rebuke him with the less remorse. I wonder whether the last words which Conway Dalrymple had spoken to her stung her conscience as she thought of this? She had now reached the door, and was standing close to it. As Mr. Musselboro did not at once begin, she encouraged him:

"If you have anything special to tell me, of course I will hear you," she said.

"Miss Clara," he began, rising from his chair and coming into the middle of the room. "I think you know what my wishes are." Then he put his hand upon his heart. "And your respected mother is the same way of thinking. It's that that emboldens me to be so sudden. Not but what my heart has been yours, and yours only, all along, before the old lady so much as mentioned it."

Clara would give him no assistance, not even the aid of a negative, but stood there quite passive, with her hand on the door.

"Since I first had the pleasure of seeing you I have always said to myself, 'Augustus Musselboro, that is the woman for you, if you can only win her.' But, then, there was so much against me—wasn't there?"

She would not even take advantage of this by assuring him that there certainly always had been much against him, but allowed him to go on till he should run out all the length of his tether.

"I mean, of course, in the way of money," he continued. "I hadn't much that I could call my own when your respected mamma first allowed me to become acquainted with you. But it's different now; and I think I may say that I'm all right in that respect. Poor Broughton's going in this way will make it a deal smoother to me; and I may say that I and your mamma will be all in all to each other now about money."

Then he stopped.

"I don't quite understand what you mean by all this," said Clara.

"I mean that there isn't a more devoted fellow in all London than what I am to you." Then he was about to go down on one knee, but it occurred to him that it would not be convenient to kneel to a lady who would stand close to the door. "One and one, if they are put together well, will often make more than two, and so they shall with us," said Musselboro, who began to feel that it might be expedient to throw a little spirit into his words.

"If you have done," said Clara, "you may as well hear me for a minute. And I hope you will have sense to understand that I really mean what I say."

"I hope you will remember what are your mamma's wishes."

"Mamma's wishes have no influence whatsoever with me in such matters as this. Mamma's arrangements with you are for her own convenience, and I am not a party to them. I do not know anything about mamma's money, and I do not want to know. But under no possible circumstances will I consent to be your wife. Nothing

that mamma could say or do would induce me even to think of it. I hope you will be man enough to take this for an answer, and say nothing more about it."

"But, Miss Clara—" "It's no good your Miss Claraing me, sir. What I have said you may be sure I mean. Good-morning, sir."

Then she opened the door and left him. "By Jove, she is a Tartar!" said Musselboro to himself, when he was alone. They are both Tartars; but the younger is the worse."

Then he began to speculate whether Fortune was not doing the best for him in so arranging that he might have the use of the Tartar-mother's money without binding himself to endure for life the Tartar qualities of the daughter.

It had been understood that Clara was to wait at home till her mother should return, before she again went across to Mrs. Broughton. At about eleven Mrs. Van Siever came in, and her daughter intercepted her at the dining-room door before she had made her way up-stairs to Mr. Musselboro.

"How is she, mamma?" said Clara, with something of hypocrisy in her assumed interest for Mrs. Broughton.

"She is an idiot," said Mrs. Van Siever.

"She has had a terrible misfortune."

"That is no reason why she should be an idiot; and she is heartless, too. She never cared a bit for him—not a bit."

"He was a man whom it was impossible to care for much. I will go to her now, mamma."

"Where is Musselboro?"

"He is up-stairs."

"Well?"

"Mamma, that is quite out of the question—quite. I would not marry him to save myself from starving."

"You do not know what starving is yet, my dear. Tell me the truth at once. Are you engaged to that painter?"

Clara paused a moment before she answered, not hesitating as to the expediency of telling her mother any truth on the matter in question, but doubting what the truth might really be. Could she say that she was engaged to Mr. Dalrymple, or could she say that she was not?

"If you tell me a lie, miss, I'll have you put out of the house."

"I certainly shall not tell you a lie. Mr. Dalrymple has asked me to be his wife, and I have made him no answer. If he asks me again, I shall accept him."

"Then I order you not to leave this house," said Mrs. Van Siever.

"Surely I may go to Mrs. Broughton?"

"I order you not to leave this house," said Mrs. Van Siever again, and thereupon she stalked out of the dining-room and went up-stairs.

Clara had been standing with her bonnet on, ready dressed to go out, and the mother made no attempt to send the daughter up to her room. That she did not expect to be obeyed in her order may be inferred from the first words which she spoke to Mr. Musselboro.

"She has gone off to that man now. You are no good, Musselboro, at this kind of work."

"You see, Mrs. Van, he had the start of me so much. And then, being at the West End, and all that, gives a man such a standing with a girl!"

"Bother!" said Mrs. Van Siever, as her quick ear caught the sound of the closing hall-door. Clara had stood a minute or two to consider, and then had resolved that she would disobey her mother. She tried to excuse her own conduct to her own satisfaction as she went. "There are some things," she said, "which even a daughter cannot hear from her mother. If she chooses to close the door against me, she must do so."

She found Mrs. Broughton still in bed, and could not but agree with her mother that the woman was both silly and headstrong.

"Your mother says that everything must be sold up," said Mrs. Broughton.

"At any rate you would hardly choose to remain here," said Clara.

"But I hope she'll let me have my own things. A great many of them are altogether my own. I know there's a law that a woman may have her own things, even though her husband has—done what poor Dobbs did. And I think she was hard upon me about the mourning. They never do mind giving credit for such things as that, and though there is a bill due to Mr. Morrell now, she has had a deal of Dobbs's money." Clara promised her that she should have mourning to her heart's content. "I will see to that myself," she said.

Presently there was a knock at the door, and the discreet head-servant beckoned Clara out of the room.

"You are not going away?" said Mrs. Broughton. Clara promised her that she would not go without coming back again. "He will be here soon, I suppose, and perhaps you had better see him; though, for the matter of that, perhaps you had better not, because he is so much out up about poor Dobbs."

The servant had come up to tell Clara that the "he" in question was at the present moment waiting for her below stairs.

The first words which passed between Dalrymple and Clara had reference to the widow. He told her what he had learned in the city—that Broughton's property had never been great, and that his personal liabilities at the time of his death were supposed to be small. But he had fallen lately altogether into the hands of Musselboro, who, though penniless himself in the way of capital, was backed by the money of Mrs. Van Siever. There was no doubt that Broughton had destroyed himself in the manner told by Musselboro, but the opinion in the city was that he had done so rather through the effects of drink than because of his losses. As to the widow, Dalrymple thought that Mrs. Van Siever, or nominally, perhaps, Musselboro, might be induced to settle an annuity on her, if she would give up everything quietly. "I doubt whether your mother is not responsible for everything Broughton owed when he died—for everything, that is, in the way of business; and if so, Mrs. Broughton will certainly have a claim upon the estate." It occurred to Dalrymple once or twice that he was talking to Clara about Mrs. Van Siever as though he and Clara were more closely bound together than were Clara and her mother; but Clara seemed to take this in good part, and was as solicitous as was he himself in the matter of Mrs. Broughton's interest.

Then the discreet head-servant knocked and told them that Mrs. Broughton was very anxious to see Mr. Dalrymple, but that Miss Van Siever was on no account to go away. She was up, and in her dressing-gown, and had gone into the sitting-room. "I will come directly," said Dalrymple, and the discreet head-servant retired.

"Clara," said Conway, "I do not know when I may have another chance of asking for an answer to my question. You heard my question?"

"Yes, I heard it."

"And will you answer it?"

"If you wish it, I will."

"Of course I wish it. You understood what I said upon the doorstep yesterday?"

"I don't think much of that; men say those things so often. What you said before was serious, I suppose?"

"Serious! Heavens! do you think that I am joking?"

"Mamma wants me to marry Mr. Musselboro."

"He is a vulgar brute. It would be impossible."

"It is impossible; but mamma is very obstinate. I have no fortune of my own—not a shilling. She told me to-day that she would turn me into the street. She forbade me to come here, thinking I should meet you; but I came, because I had promised Mrs. Broughton. I am sure she will never give me one shilling."

Dalrymple paused for a moment. It was certainly true that he had regarded Clara Van Siever as an heiress, and had at first been attracted to her because he thought it expedient to marry an heiress. But there had since come something beyond that, and there was perhaps less of regret than most men would have felt as he gave up his golden hopes. He took her into his arms and kissed her, and called her his own. "Now we understand each other," he said.

"If you wish it to be so."

"I do wish it."

"And I shall tell my mother to-day that I am engaged to you, unless she refuses to see me. Go to Mrs. Broughton now. I feel that we are almost cruel to be thinking of ourselves in this house at such a time."

Upon this Dalrymple went, and Clara Van Siever was left to her reflections. She had never before had a lover. She had never had even a friend whom she loved and trusted. Her life had been passed at school till she was nearly twenty, and since then she had been vainly endeavoring to accommodate herself and her feelings to her mother. Now she was about to throw herself into the absolute power of a man who was nearly a stranger to her! But she did love him, as she had never loved any one else; and then, on the other side, there was Mr. Musselboro.

Dalrymple was up-stairs for an hour, and Clara did not see him again before he left the house. It was clear to her, from Mrs. Broughton's first words, that Conway had told her what had passed.

"Of course I shall never see anything more of either of you now?" said Mrs. Broughton.

"I should say that probably you will see a great deal of us both."

"There are some people," said Mrs. Broughton, "who can do well for their friends, but can never do well for themselves. I am one of them. I saw at once how great a thing it would be for both of you to bring you two together—especially for you, Clara; and therefore I did it. I may say that I never had it out of my mind for months past. Poor Dobbs misunderstood what I was doing. God knows how far that may have brought about what has happened."

"Oh, Mrs. Broughton!"

"Of course he could not be blind to one thing, nor was I. I mention it now because it is right, but I shall never, never allude to it again. Of course he saw, and I saw, that Conway was attached to me. Poor Conway meant no harm. I was aware of that. But there was the terrible fact. I knew at once that the only cure for him was a marriage with some girl that he could respect. Admiring you as I do, I immediately resolved on bringing you two together. My dear, I have been successful, and I heartily trust that you may be happier than Maria Broughton."

Miss Van Siever knew the woman, understood all the facts, and pitying the condition of the wretched creature, bore all this without a word of rebuke. She scorned to put out her strength against one who was in truth so weak.

How a Mother Found her Lost Children.

SINCE the Indian troubles commenced, an Indian camp was captured, together with a number of prisoners, including squaws, and some half a dozen white captives—boys and girls, from five to twelve years of age. Word was sent throughout the country inviting those who had lost children to come to the camp and identify, if possible, their children. Numbers went to the camp, and of course many returned with heavy hearts at being unable to find their lost ones. Among the number was a mother who lost two children—a boy and a girl—one three, the other five, years ago. Efforts were made to persuade her not to go, as it was certain she could not identify her children, even if they stood before her. But she could not rest, she must go, and she did. On arriving at the encampment, she found the captives ranged in a line for inspection. She looked at them first from a distance. But she did not see her children—at least she saw nothing in the group that bore the slightest resemblance to her baby boy and girl as they looked when playing about her door-step. She drew nearer and looked long and steadily at them, as her heart began to sink and grow heavy in her bosom. At last, with tears and sobs, she withdrew, and when some paces off she stopped and turned about quickly, as apparently a thought had occurred to her. Drying her eyes, she broke forth in a sweet hymn she had been wont to sing to the children as a lullaby. Scarce a line had been uttered, when two of the captives—a boy and girl—rushed from the line, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" The mother went home, perfectly satisfied she had found her long-lost children.

Artesian Well on O'Fallen Street, St. Louis.

OUR illustration represents the pipe which discharges from the artesian well sunk in the premises of Belcher Brothers in St. Louis. In 1849 these gentlemen commenced boring to obtain pure water, which they needed for their sugar refinery. After five years spent in labor, and after having reached a depth of 2,199 feet they struck this spring, which discharges 300 pipes a minute. The water contains sulphur, has a salt taste, and smells of sulphureted hydrogen. It is however a favorite beverage with the people in the vicinity, and our illustration shows a group of them, either drinking it on the spot or carrying it away in various utensils for home consumption.

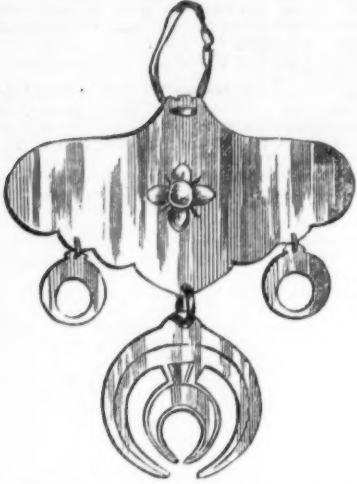
Novaculite Quarries, Arkansas.

THIS hot spring region of Arkansas is surrounded by the best known novaculite or whetstone quarries in the world. They supply England, France, and other portions of Europe, besides America, with the finest whetstones, for either oil or water, that can be found. All varieties—the purest white, the variegated white and red, blue, chocolate-colored, gray, brown and black, are found here; and all qualities, from the finest used for surgical instruments and the sharpest edged tools, to the coarse qualities fit for the roughest work. The strata are so twisted that few large blocks can be taken from the quarries. The height of the ledge is about 500 feet above the road leading from Hot Springs to Chalhyrate Springs.



### Silver Medal Found on the Body of Young Elk, of the Sioux.

DURING the past summer Young Elk, one of the principal chiefs of the Sioux nation was killed. He was well-known to the people of the West as one of the bitterest enemies of the whites. A small party of Indians were lurking around at night to get an opportunity to attack a small party of white men connected with the Union Pacific Railroad. The white men fired on the Indians, killing three of them, and among them was this noted chief. On his neck was suspended a large silver ornament, which he had wrought out of a silver medal which had been given to the chiefs of the tribe in President Fillmore's time. The illustration will show that they possess at least a moderate degree of ingenuity in the arts. The medal is now in the



SILVER MEDAL FOUND ON THE BODY OF YOUNG ELK OF THE SIOUX.

possession of our artist, who sends us the drawing from which our illustration is engraved.

### Silver Fishes and Other Articles Found in the Guano of Peru.

THE probable age of man on the earth, as evidenced from his remains, is a question just now attracting the earnest attention of scientific men throughout the world. His tools of stone are found in the "drift," showing that he existed before the great cataclysm that occasioned that phenomenon. His tools, and even rude sculptures, the work of his hands, have been found in caverns under conditions implying that he was contemporaneous, in Europe, with the rhinoceros and fossil elk and bear. And the "lake dwellings" of Switzerland carry us back very far beyond the dawn of written history, and even beyond tradition itself.

In America, it is affirmed that flint arrow-heads and other primitive weapons have been found in such relation with the bones of the mastodon as to imply that the animal perished at the hands of man. In the guano islands of Peru, deep beneath the guano deposits, many objects of ancient art have been found as these deposits have been removed. The formation of these deposits is exceedingly slow, and the accumulation of the guano has been scarcely perceptible during the three centuries that have elapsed since the discovery of America. The time that has elapsed since the commencement of these deposits must be computed by the time that has passed since the coasts and islands of Peru took their present form and relations, and can only be vaguely expressed by "countless ages."

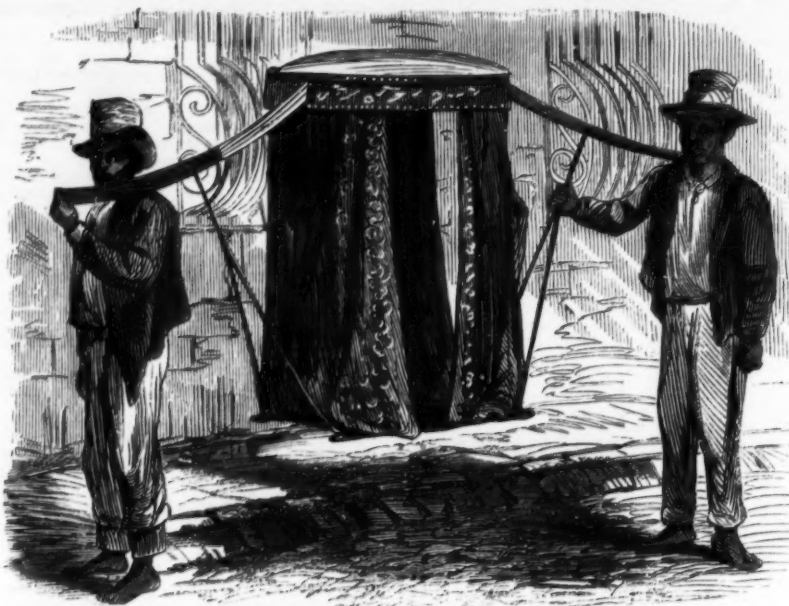
We present this week engravings of several interesting objects found in the guano. The first three are front, side and back views of an idol or figure of wood, discovered at great depth, firmly im-



SILVER FISHES FOUND IN THE GUANO OF PERU, SOUTH AMERICA.

bedded in the guano of the Lobos Islands, with the salts of soda it is so completely saturated that it has very nearly the specific gravity of marble. It is about a foot high, representing a squatting female figure, with the legs crossed, and the hands placed together across the breast. The ears are represented as bored, and the lobes widely distended with ornaments, such as gave to a certain class of the ancient Peruvians the name of *Orgones*, or Big Ears.

The other objects, of which engravings are given, are representations of fishes of various kinds, cut out of thin plates of silver, and with their eyes, fins and other features "struck up," either by a die or other instrument. It will be seen that they are characteristic, that is to say, very accurate representations of fishes actually found in Peruvian waters. Where and how found is thus explained in a letter from Mr. Henry Swayne, the great *empresario* of Peru, in a letter to the editor, dated Lima, January, 1867:



STREET CHAIR USED IN LIMA, SOUTH AMERICA.

"I avail myself of the first opportunity to send you a number of small silver fishes, which were taken out, by Murfreesboro. On the front of the monument is the following inscription:

"Hazen's Brigade,  
To the memory of its soldiers who fell at  
Stone River, December 31, 1862."  
On the side of the monument shown in the sketch is the following: "The blood of one-third its soldiers, twice spilled in Tennessee, crimsoned the battle-flag of the brigade, and inspires to greater deeds."



WOODEN IDOL FROM THE GUANO ISLANDS—REAR VIEW.

### Street-Chair Used at Lima, South America.

Our illustration shows the kind of street-chair in use in Lima, which is a species of modern adaptation, with improvements, of the old-fashioned sedan chair, the style of locomotion which preceded the carriage.



WOODEN IDOL FROM THE GUANO ISLANDS—FRONT.

of the travelers. Our illustration shows a number of them grouped about the public fountain of San Francisco, in the rear of the cathedral, from which a large portion of the water they distribute is obtained. This fountain, and the place in which it is situated, is a sort of exchange for certain classes of the population, and should be visited by every traveler who stops a short time in Quito.

### Monument on Stone River, Tennessee.

This monument is erected to the memory of the soldiers of Hazen's brigade, on the battle-field of

European tour, from which he has but just returned, in making himself familiar with the operations and plans of similar societies abroad. He was welcomed back, at his residence on the Fourth avenue, by a magnificent serenade—the first ever given by the Philharmonic Society. Over a hundred musicians were present, and, under the lead of Mr. Bergman, performed several of their finest and most celebrated pieces. The music was kept up until late in the morning, very few persons being present, as no notice of the serenade had been given to the professor himself. In acknowledging the unusual compliment paid him, Professor Doremus spoke somewhat fully of the history and character of the society, GUANO ISLANDS—SIDE VIEW

and of its claims on the public favor. He said that during his foreign tour he had satisfied himself that there is no city in the world where the public enjoy such opportunities for studying the works of the old masters of harmony as in the city of New York, mainly in consequence of the efforts of this society. Twenty-five years ago it began by offering to subscribers the privilege of hearing its music; then it permitted the election of associate members, who could attend its rehearsals, and now all can attend them. The highest musical talent of New York has been devoted for a quarter of a century to raising the standard of musical taste, and this society has been steadily and constantly improving. It has recently increased its

cases in point. Horace Walpole said he believed he should love his country very well, if it was not for his countrymen. An opposition may be made between the constituents of an act and the act itself, analogous to that between the whole and the mere assemblage of its parts. Thus it has been said of a successful wooer, "Il subit courageusement son bonheur." A story is told of a lady saying to her lover, "Eh bien, Raoul, je me damne pour toi."—"Eh moi, je me sauve," says he. All these topics may be reduced to the single head of a crafty mistaking of the matter in hand, making the end contradictory to the means, the parts to the whole, the thing suggested to the suggestion, and the characterization to the character. The most pitiable kinds of wit, are puns, alliterations, rhymes, and such like conceits. Our forefathers would elaborately talk of "the cramp clawing a man in the calf, and making him roar like a bull." Their sermons even were full of figures of the kind—dull enough in general, though there is often great liveliness in a sudden wrench of a common word to an uncommon meaning. Douglas Jerrold says well, that English institutions are preserved in brine.

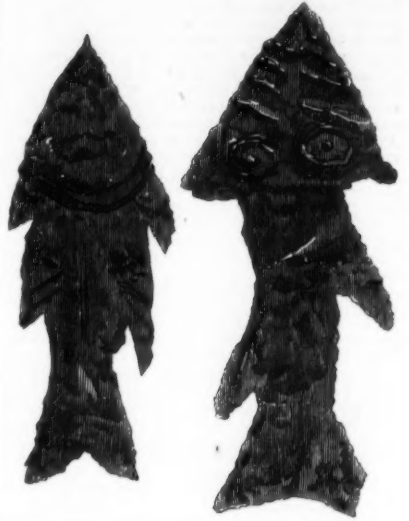


WATER CARRIERS AT THE FOUNTAIN OF SAN FRANCISCO, QUITO.

orchestra to one hundred members; it has engaged the Academy of Music for all its rehearsals as well as its concerts—giving five concerts and five rehearsals for each concert, twenty of the whole number being open to the public. The professor spoke of the many eminent artists who had been connected with the society, Timm, Scharfenberg, Hill, Kyle, the Dodworths, Ensign, Brantow and others, and pledged the best efforts in his power for the promotion of its interests and for securing the objects of its creation. The occasion was one of very great interest.

### Remains of a Soldier Found in Brown's Wood, Flushing, Long Island.

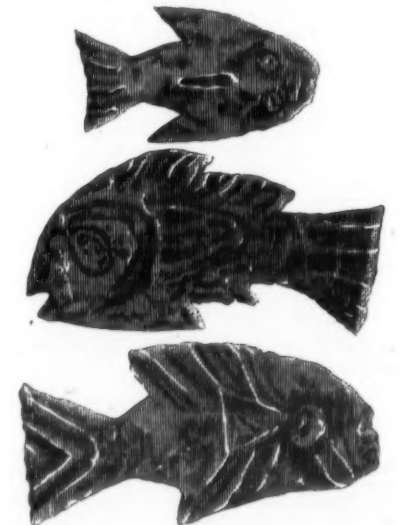
RECENTLY, as some boys were nutting in Brown's Wood—a rather lonely place of timber, about



SILVER FISHES FOUND IN THE GUANO OF PERU.

three miles from Flushing—they discovered the remains of a man, clad in soldier's uniform, which evidently had laid there a very long time. The flesh had disappeared, leaving nothing but a skeleton. The head was some distance from the body; and from the limb of a cedar tree, over where the body lay, a rope swung to and fro. It is supposed to have been a case of suicide.

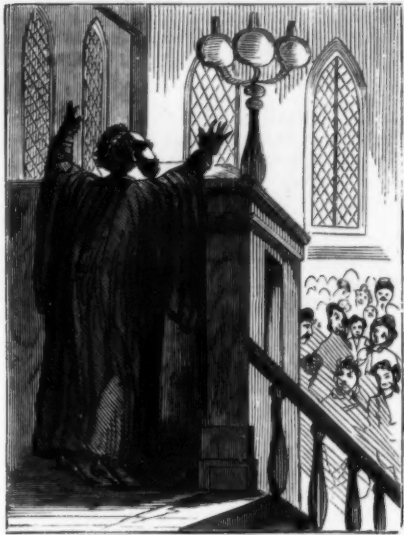
JESTS.—One fertile source of jests is misplaced sympathy—fellow-feeling bestowed on the wrong side. Thus when Lord Sidmouth said one day, "My brains are gone to the dogs this morning," Sir H. Nicolas at once ejaculated, "Poor dogs!" A French lady, hearing how a Capuchin had been devoured by wolves, exclaimed, "Poor beast! hunger must be a terrible thing." And Peter Pindar, on a stone being flung at George III., and narrowly missing his head, celebrated the "lucky escape for the stone." Akin to this topic of misplaced sympathy is another of misplaced choice. Two things may be inseparably joined—one evil, the other good. To shuffle their characters often has a whimsical effect. A young fellow was talking of the time to come—"a hundred years hence, when we shall all be in heaven." "My dear," said his mother, "don't talk of such horrid things." Clough writes, "Did I ever tell you of the Calvinist woman who, being asked about the Universities, said, 'Yes; they expect that everybody will be saved; but we look for better things'?" These are substantially the same as the sentence in Sir Andrew Aguecheek's challenge: "God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself." Akin to both of these topics is the confusion of *meum* and *tuum* in matters of very exclusive property. "Take a wife, Tom," said Sheridan to his son. "Very well: whose shall I take?" was the answer. "You should take a walk every morning on an empty stomach," said a doctor to Sydney Smith. "Upon whose?" asked the patient. Another species of confusion is when such a distinction is made between the constituent elements of a thing and the whole which they constitute, and the same thing is affirmed of the one and denied of the other. "He cannot see the wood for the trees," or "the town for the houses," are



SILVER FISHES FOUND IN THE GUANO OF PERU.



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"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

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"It Is I—Be Not Afraid!"

A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there lives a worthy clergyman, who is, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, recently, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr. — in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit is a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and, with over-pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a squeaking, tremulous voice proclaimed, in nasal tones, the text—"Be of good cheer, it is I—be not afraid!" A general buzz of surprise followed the announcement, the clergyman became confused, turned all sorts of color, and it was a long time before he was



MR. McILVAIN LOSES HIS HAY.

enabled to regain his composure and proceed with the sermon. Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on a footstool, had a fair view of the audience. The text was announced in due form: "A little while ye shall see me; and again a little while and ye shall not see me." In the course of the sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and, stepping back, lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers! The effect may be more readily imagined than described.

## Mr. McIlvain Loses His Hay.

In Genesee, recently, a man named J. G. McIlvain lost a load of hay in rather a singular manner. He was driving along Main street, and some one discovered that the rear end of Mac's load of hay was on fire, though Mac, who was riding, had not yet dreamed of it. The alarm was the signal for a hasty removal of the driver from the wagon, and the wagon from beneath the hay, both of which exploits were achieved without loss of life or damage to property. The hay—a very



WHO PUSHED HIM OUT.

good load—which no human efforts could save, was left to be consumed. How the thing happened was for some time a mystery, but on a close and scientific scrutiny of the running gear, it was found that the conflagration was the result of friction, produced by one of the wheels rubbing against a rail of the cart. The mystery being explained, and the hay consumed, the excitement died out, and people returned to the peaceful avocations of everyday life.



AN ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

## Who Pushed Him Out.

An amusing incident is related of a half intoxicated native of the Emerald Isle, who was momentarily prostrated by the flash of lightning which struck the new building, corner of Centre street and Merchants' Row, recently, in Rutland, Vermont. It seems he was standing in one of the front windows of that building, leaning against the casing thereof, viewing the procession, the rear of which had not at that time moved from Merchants' Row, and when the lightning struck, it had the effect to raise him from his feet and throw him directly forward into the street, and, though uninjured, he could not bear such an imaginary insult, but instantaneously divesting his coat, exclaimed: "Be jabbers, I can lick the man that pushed me out o' that window! Which o' ye done it?" The effect of this short but expressive speech upon the bystanders can be better imagined than described.

my shoulders. About midway, and about two hundred yards before me, I saw a large quadruped nimbly climb a tree. The negro, looking in a contrary direction, did not perceive the motion, and eager to fire, I did not inform him. We went a foot's pace, and when within gunshot, I discovered the beast through the foliage of the wood, and immediately fired. The shot took effect, and my astonishment was great to see a monster of the species of the tiger, suspended by his fore feet from the branch of a tree, growling in tones of dreadful discord. The negro was greatly terrified; and my horse, unused to the report of a gun fired from his back, plunged, and was entangled in mire. Losing the reins, I was precipitated into the morass, while the negro vociferated, "Massa, massa, we are lost!" Recovering, I beheld the ferocious brute on the ground, feebly advancing toward us. By an involuntary act I presented my empty gun; at sight of which, conscious no doubt, that the same motion had inflicted the smart he felt,

## An Escape from a Panther.

In Alligator County, North Carolina, there is a swamp about five miles across, called the Little Dismal. Into the interior of this desert, a Mr. Janson recently penetrated on horseback, with a negro for his guide, who traced out the road by the notches cut on the trees. "I," says Mr. Janson, "carried my gun in my hand, loaded with slugs, and my ammunition slung across



BOLD ROBBERY ON A STREET CAR IN CHICAGO.

the creature made a stand, gave a hideous roar, and turned into the thickest part of the swamp, while, in haste and great agitation, I reloaded my piece. The poor negro, whose life to him was as dear as mine could be to me, held up his hands, and thanked the God he worshipped for his deliverance. I was unconscious of the danger I had courted, till he told me that the beast I had encountered was a panther, larger than any he had ever seen despoiling a planter's flocks and herds; and that when pursued by man, those animals rally with great ferocity. Had I been apprized of this, I should have sought my safety in flight, rather than have begun an attack, but I conjectured the creature to be of no larger dimensions than a wild cat when I fired."

## The Gorilla at Barnum's Attacks His Keeper.

A gorilla has arrived at Barnum's Museum, where he is confined in a cage. Recently he attempted a piece of familiarity with his keeper, Professor Davison. While



DOING A DUN.

the professor was passing by the cage, his gorilla highness reached out his long hairy arm through the bars of his prison and grasped his keeper by the right arm, much as an M. P. might grasp a burglar or a highwayman, and was on the point of dragging him through the iron bars of his station-house, when the professor instinctively dropped on the floor, so as to bring the hand of the gorilla to the floor of the cage before he could grasp him with the other hand. To have remained standing would have given the gorilla an opportunity to pull the arm out of the socket, if he had the power, which, according to Du Chaillet, he certainly has. The grip of the animal slipped from the arm of Mr. Davison, but still retained hold of the coat. As the keeper fell the beast held his whole weight at arm's length with apparent ease. Professor Davison quickly threw off his coat, which was torn to shreds by the gorilla. The injury to the professor was slight, but he considers he had a narrow escape, though it may be the beast only designed to give him a fraternal and affectionate hug.



THE GORILLA AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM ATTACKS HIS KEEPER.



ACCIDENT AT THE HOBOKEN FERRY.

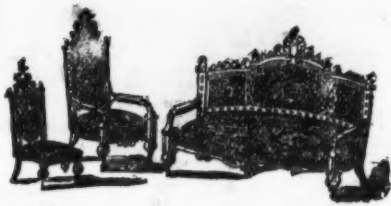


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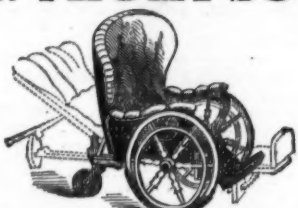
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